

GOLD



THE JETSONS

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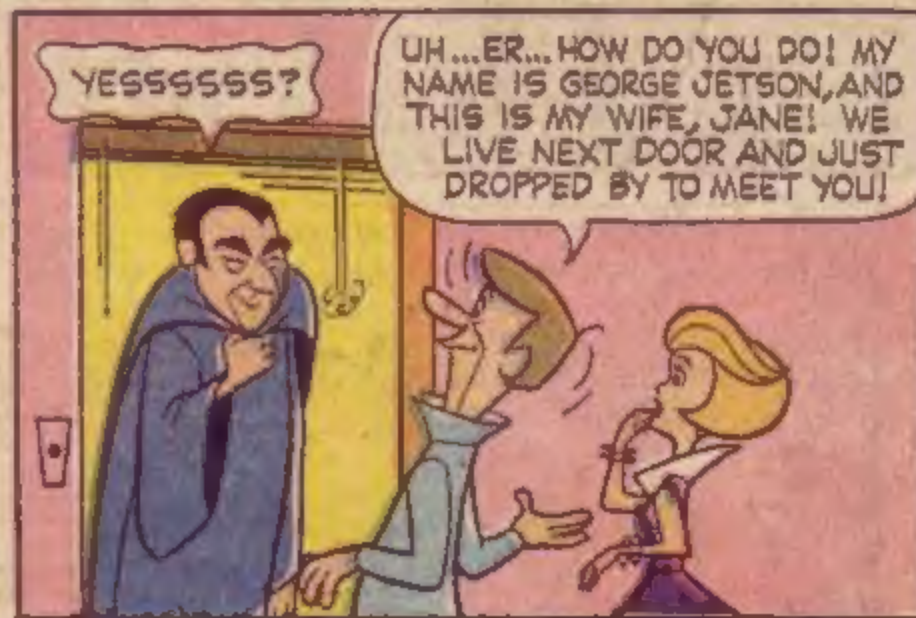
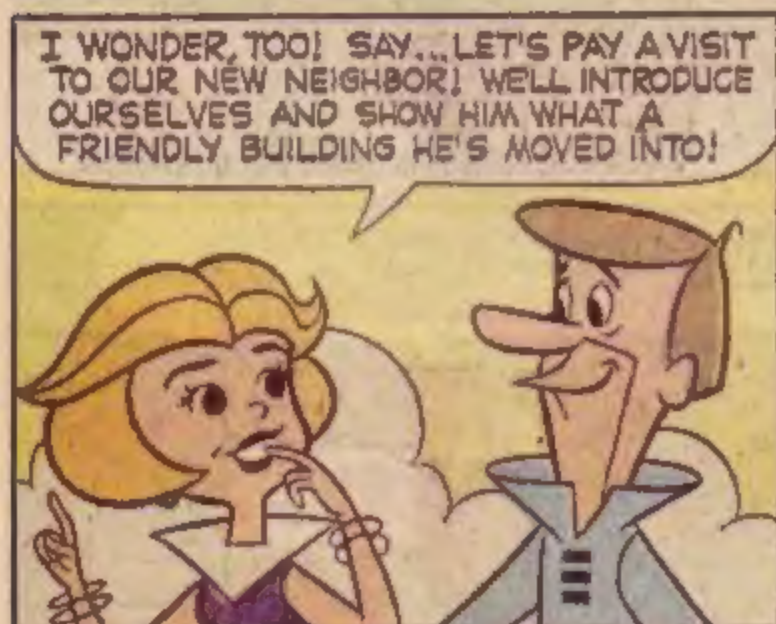
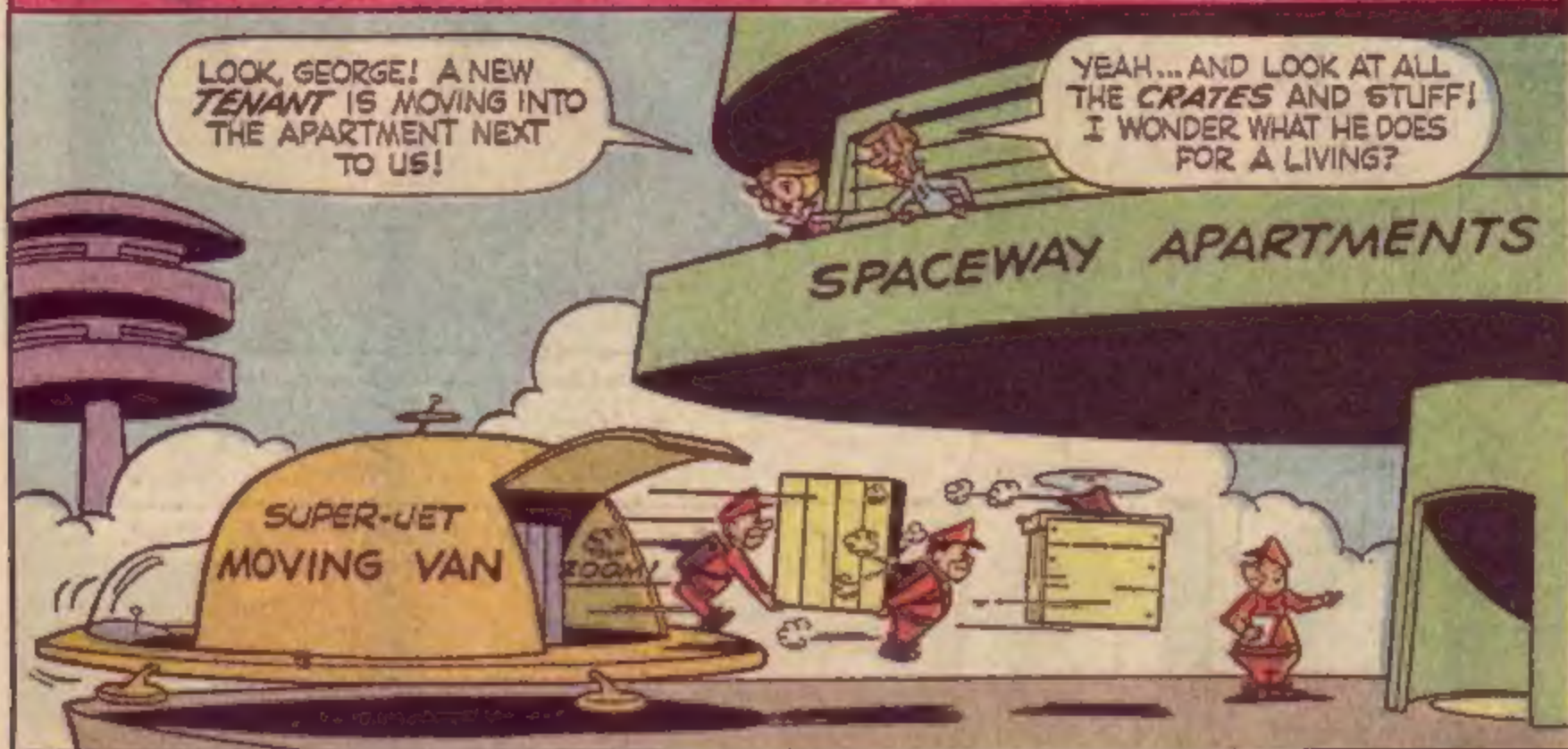
The JETSONS

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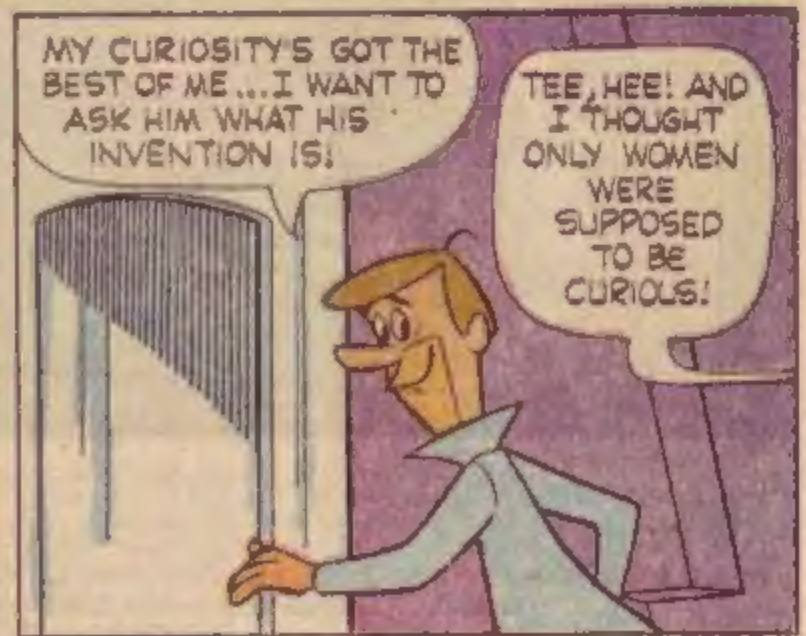
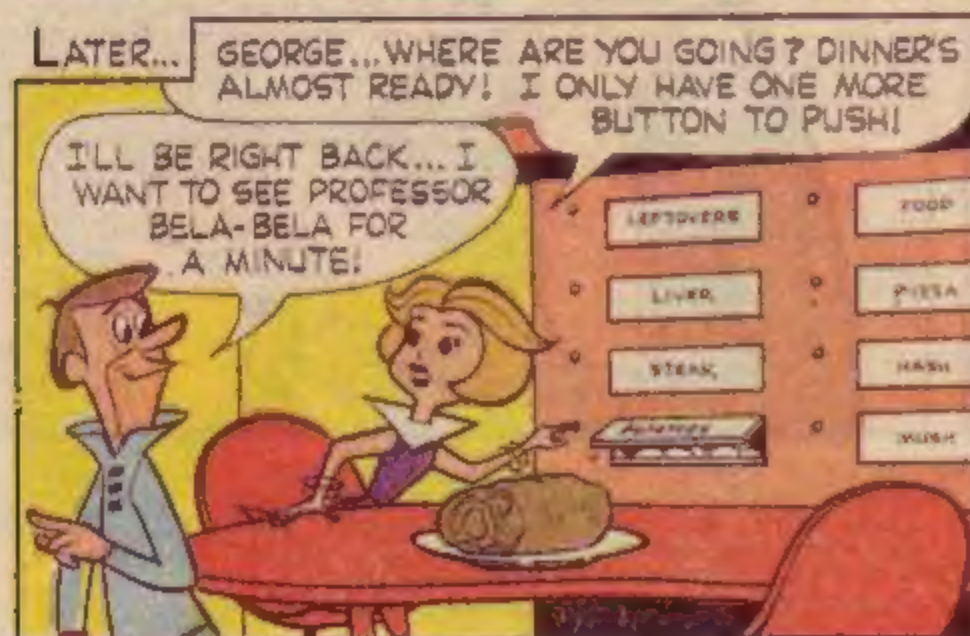
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The JETSONS

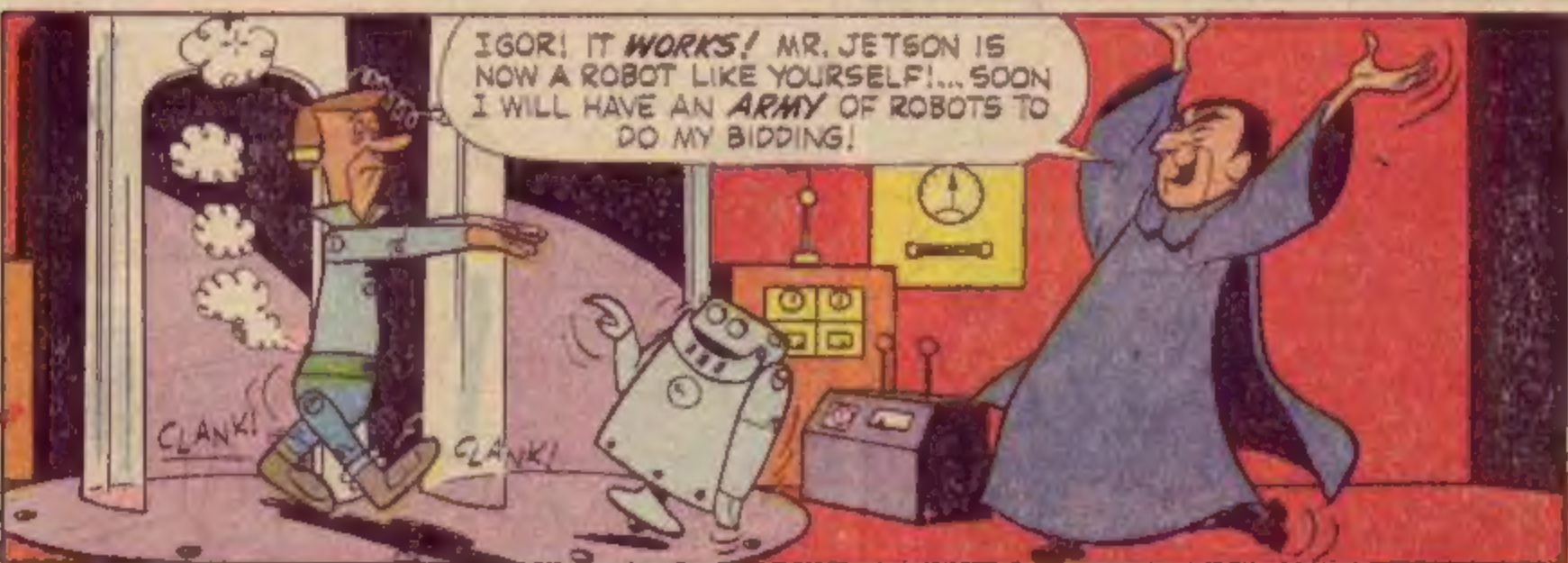
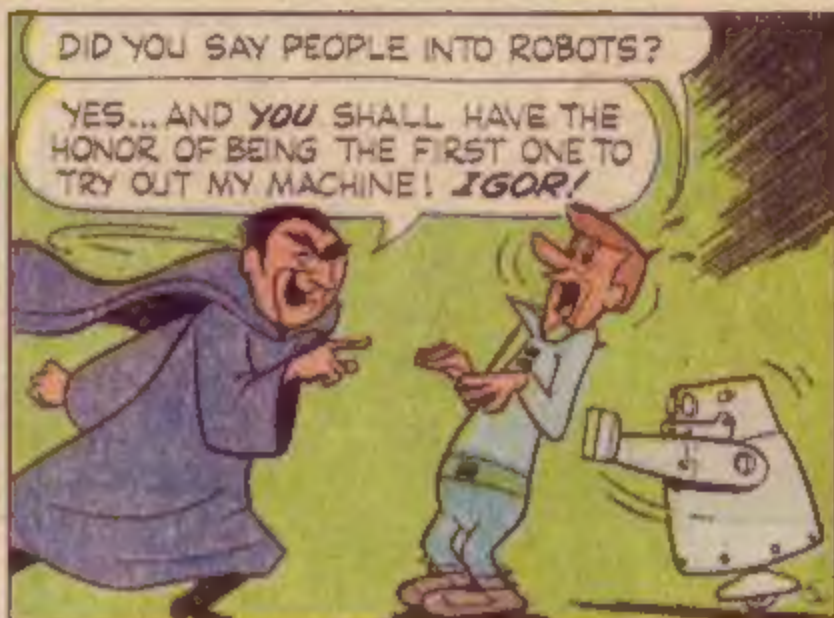
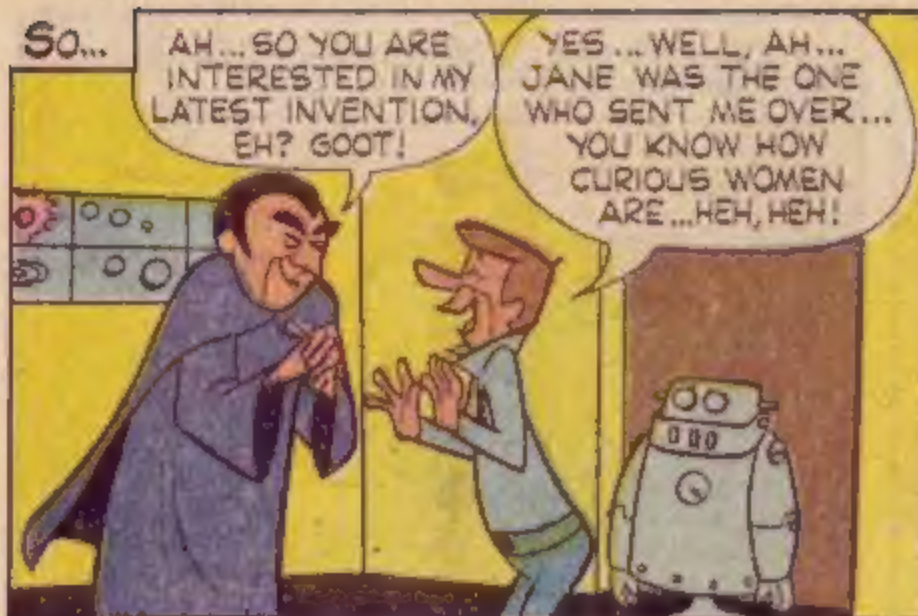
**PROFESSOR BELA-BELA'S
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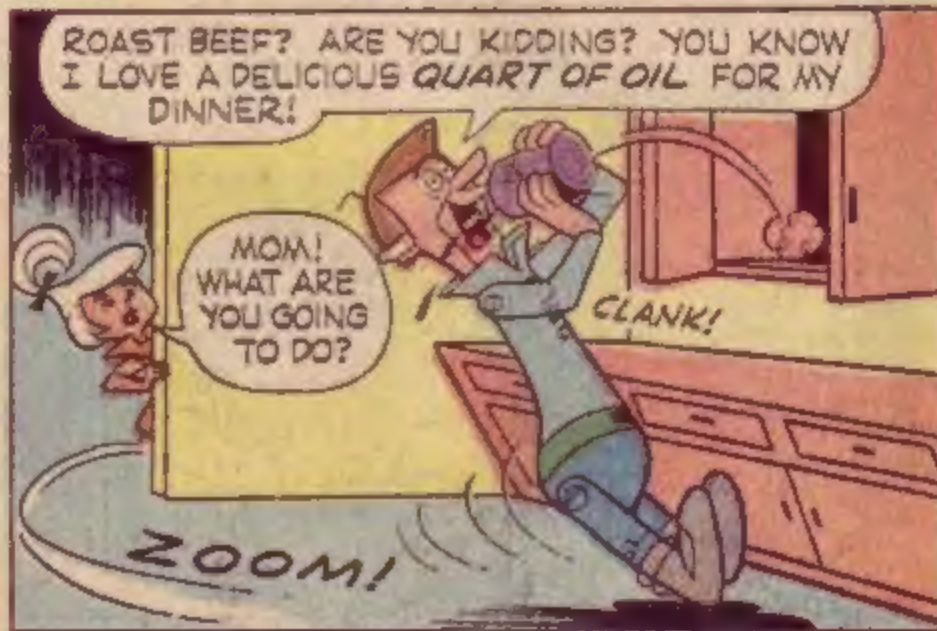
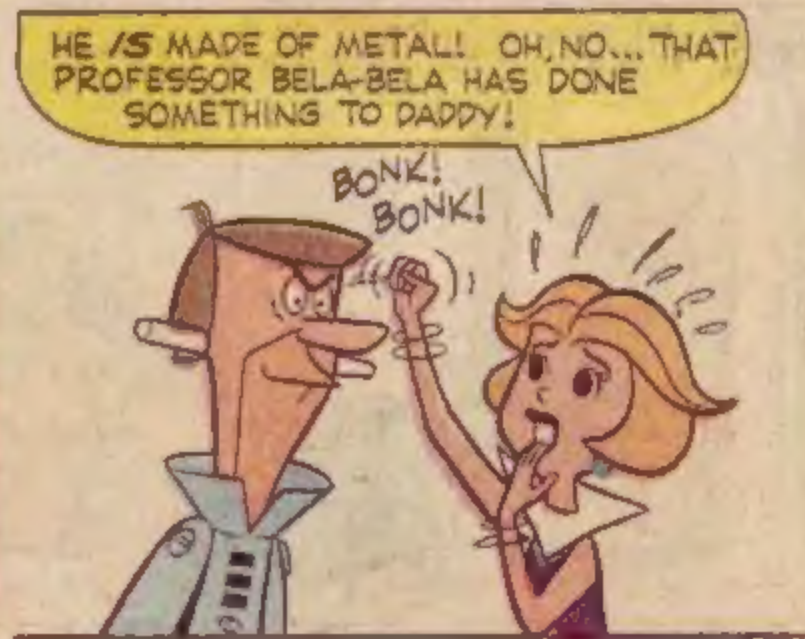
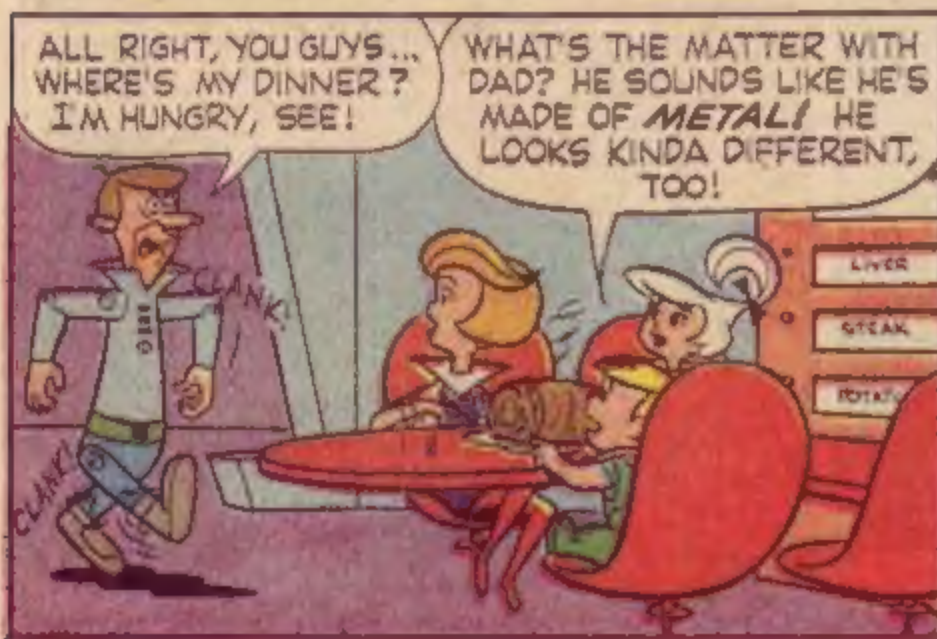
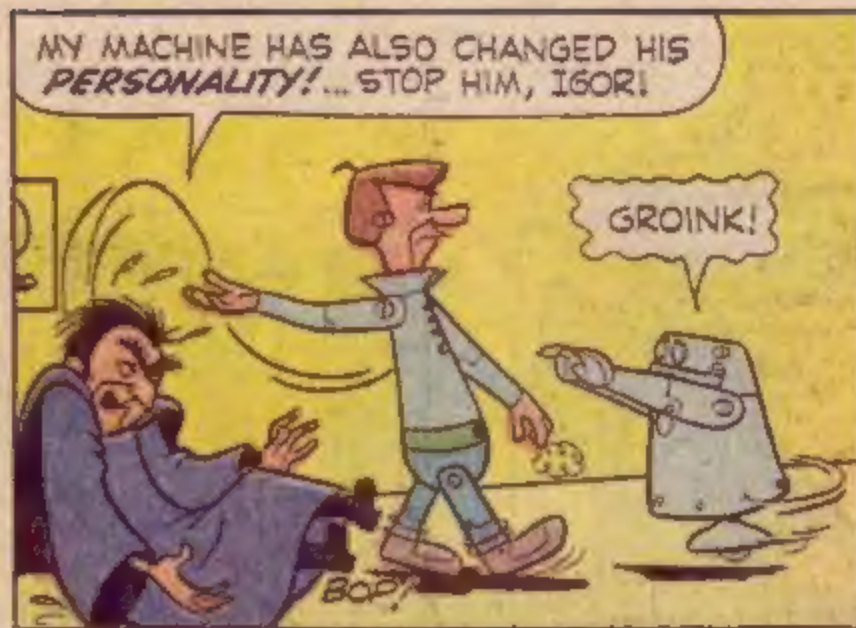
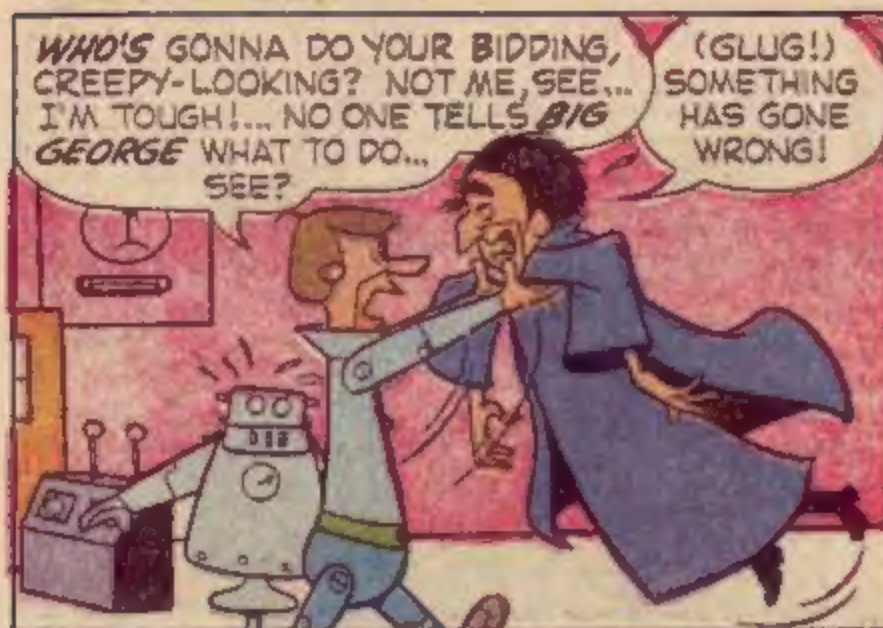


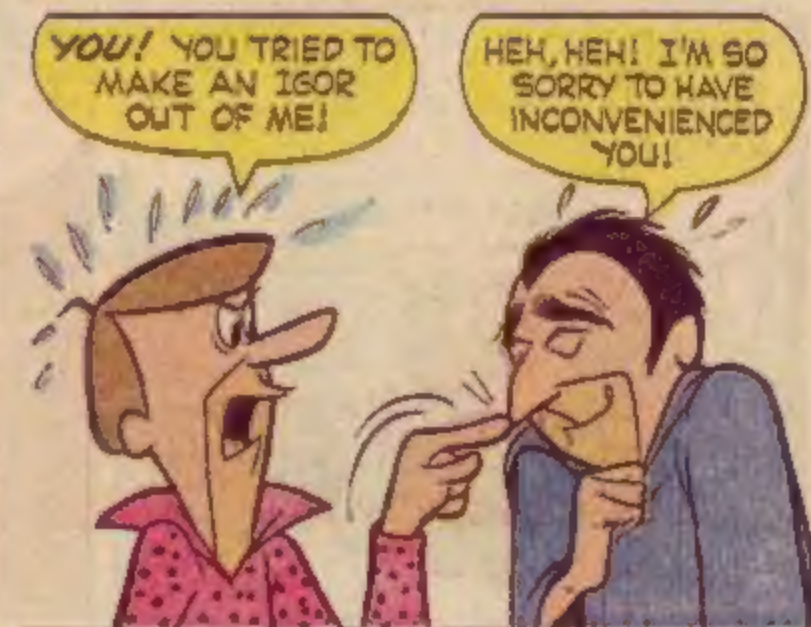
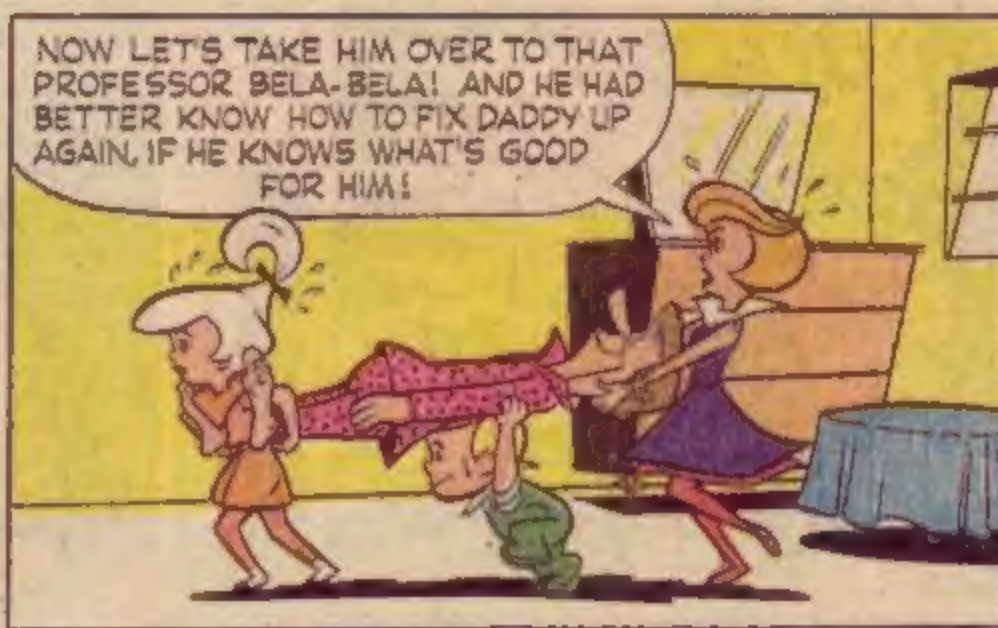
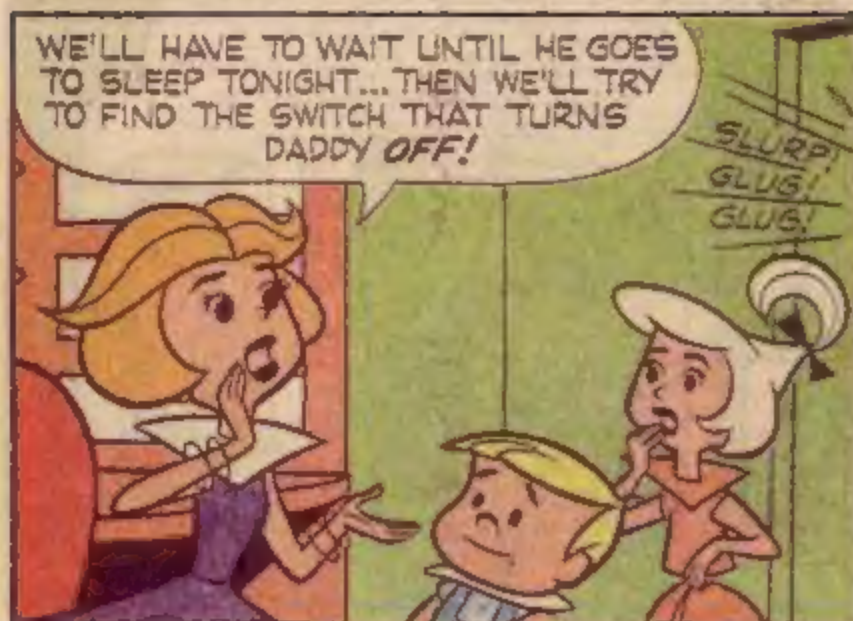
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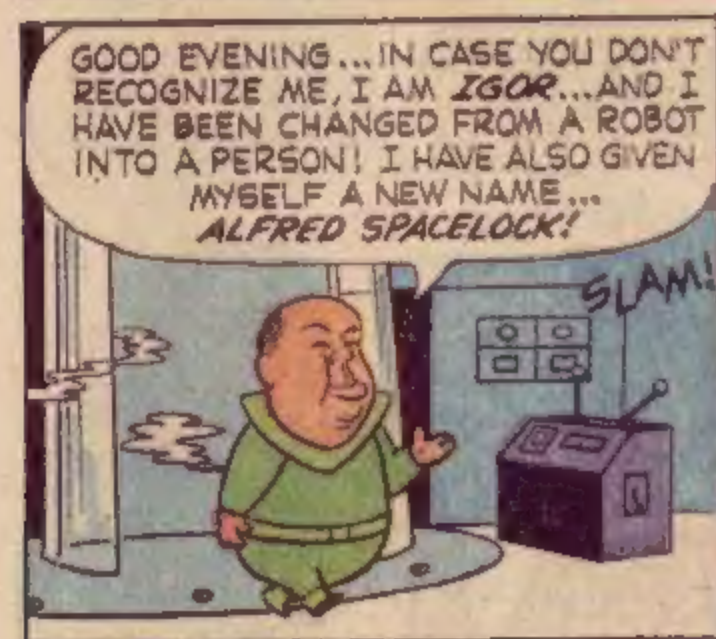
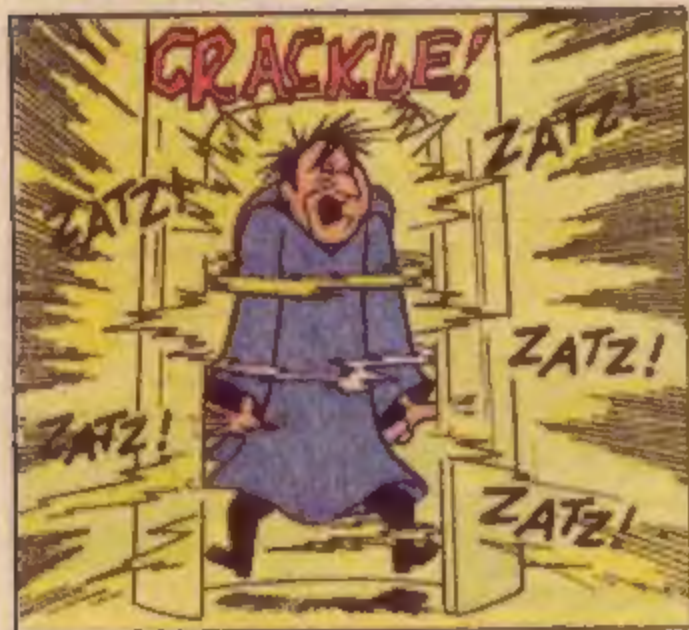
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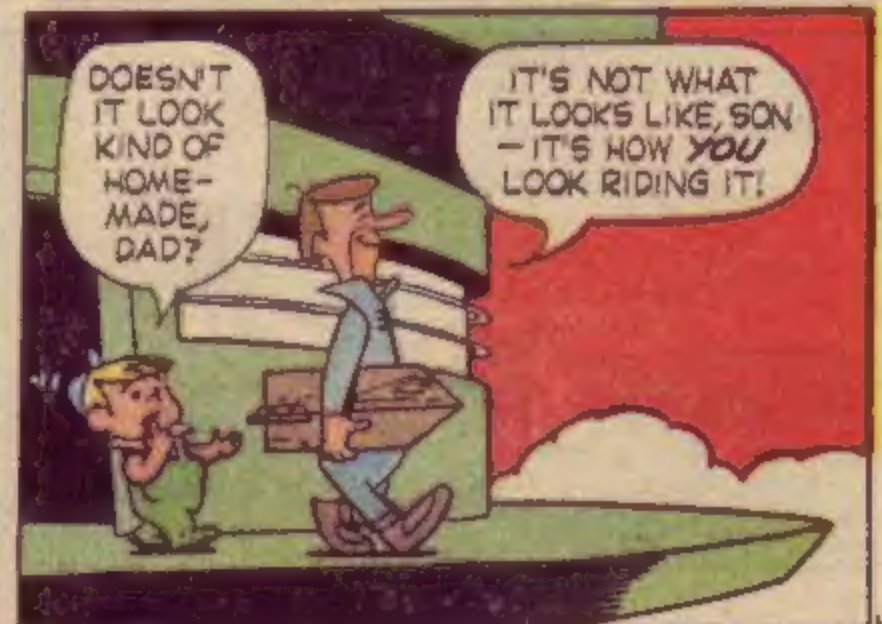


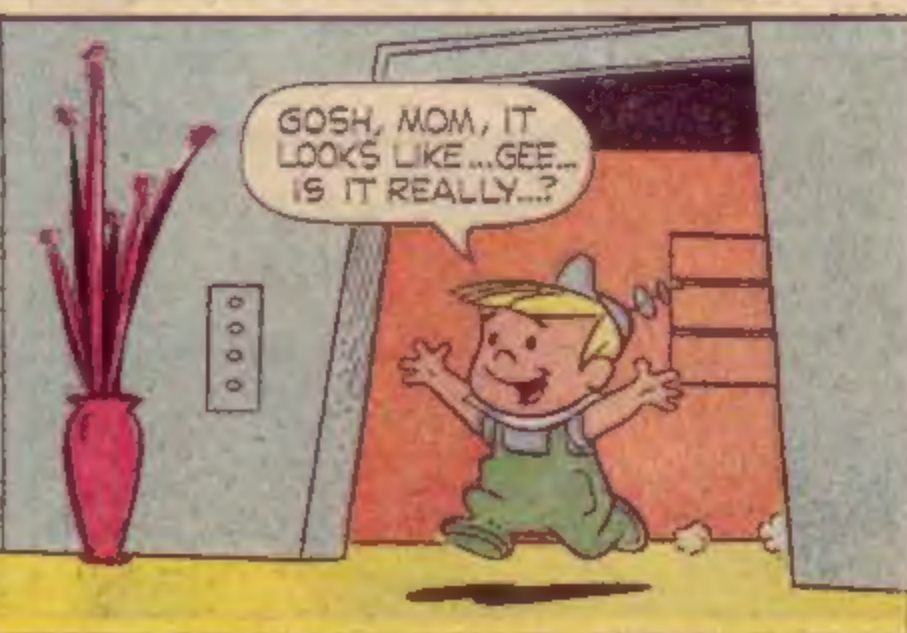
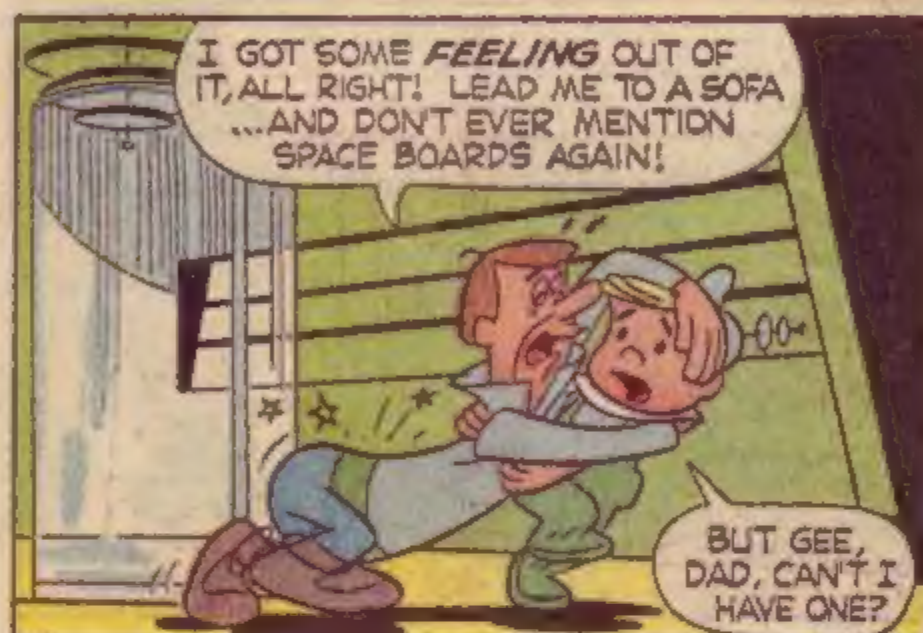


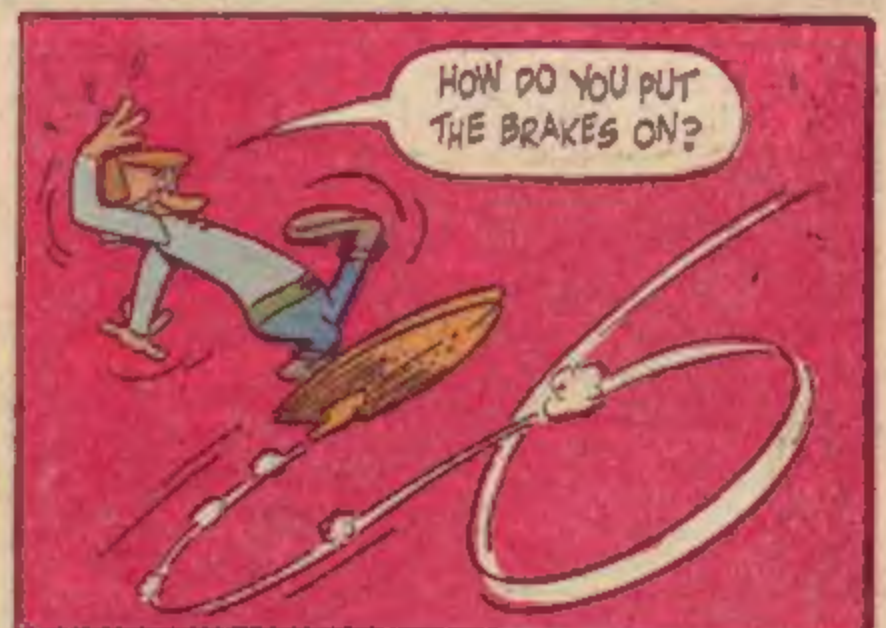


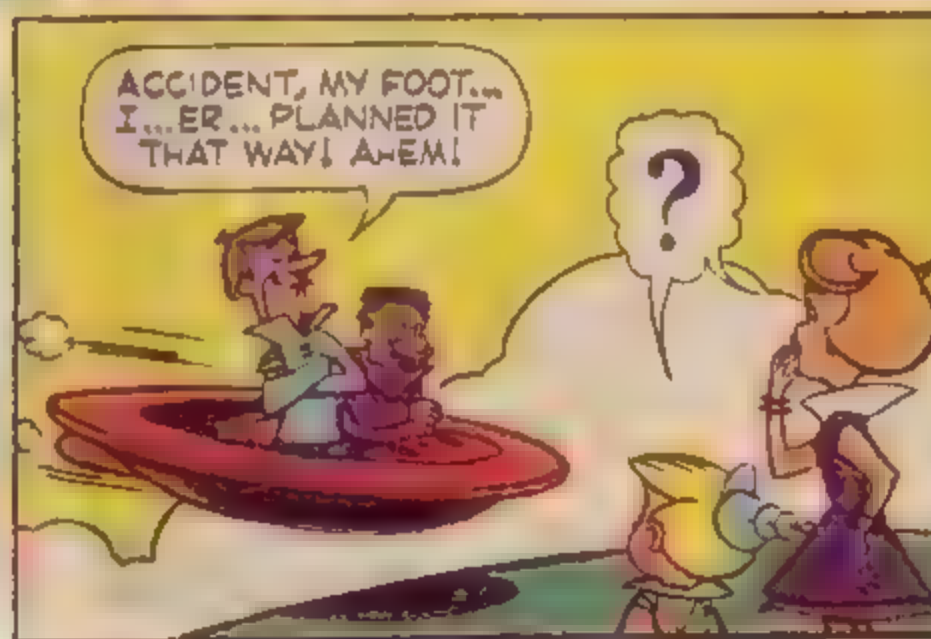
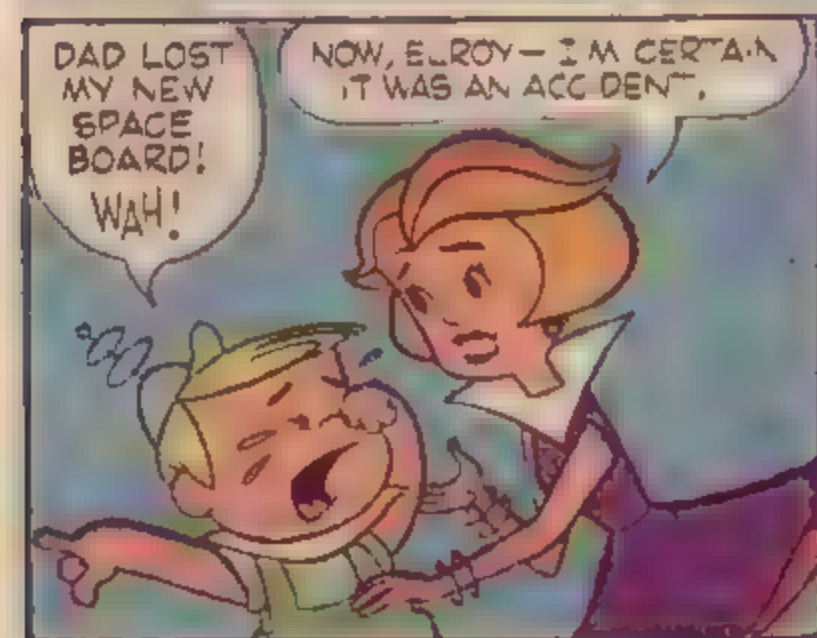
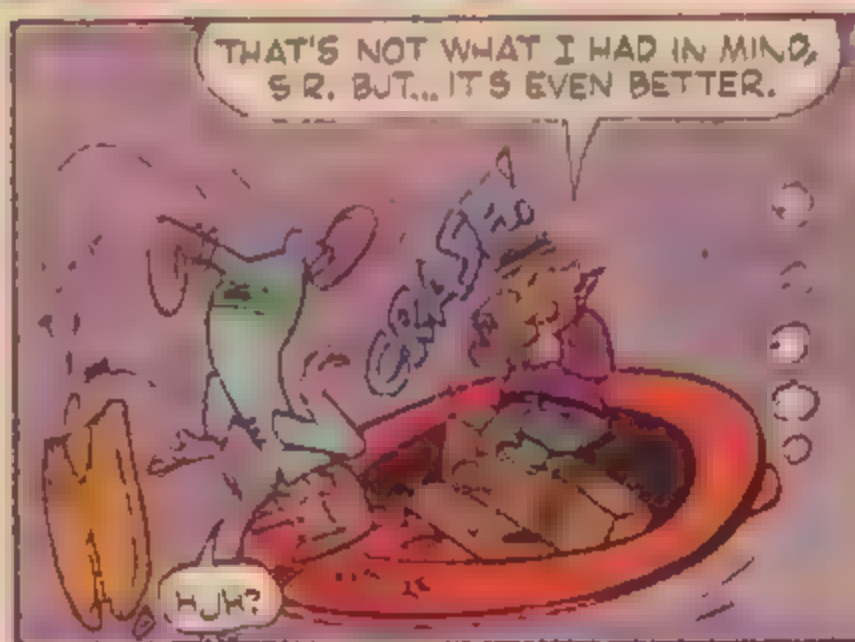
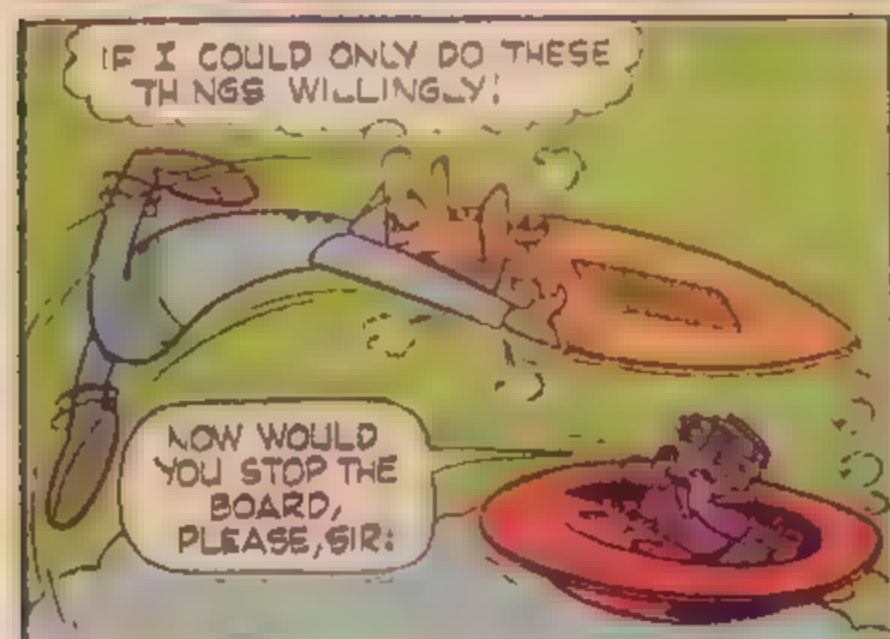
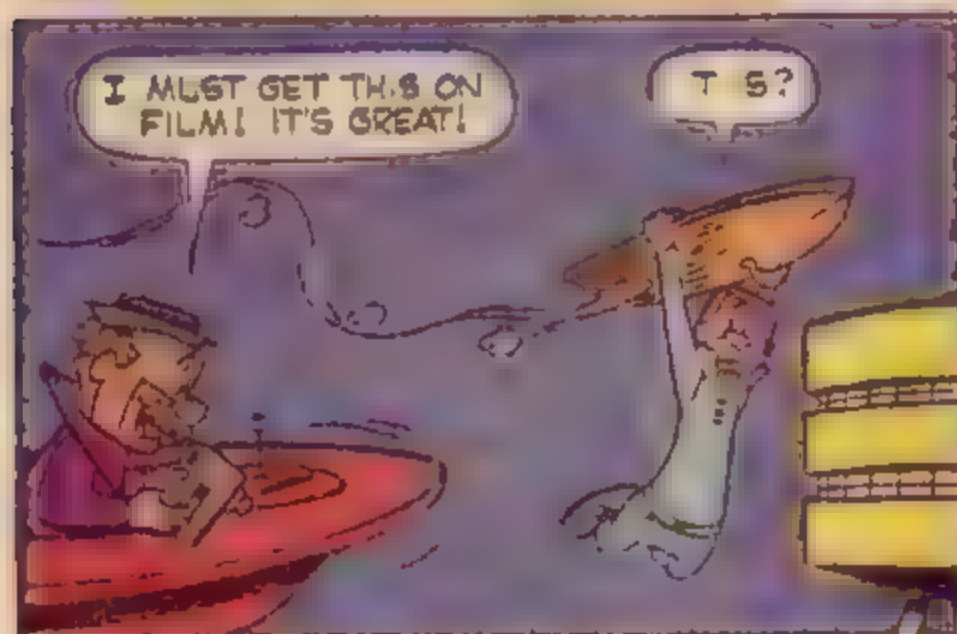


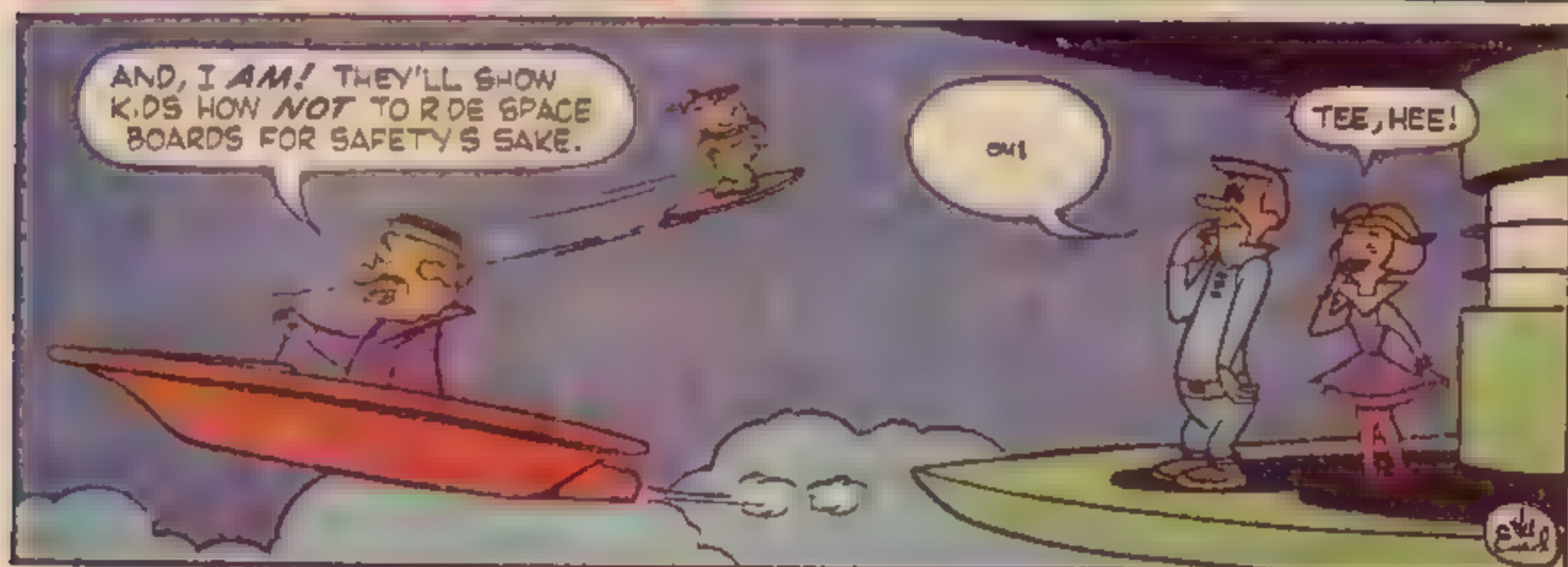
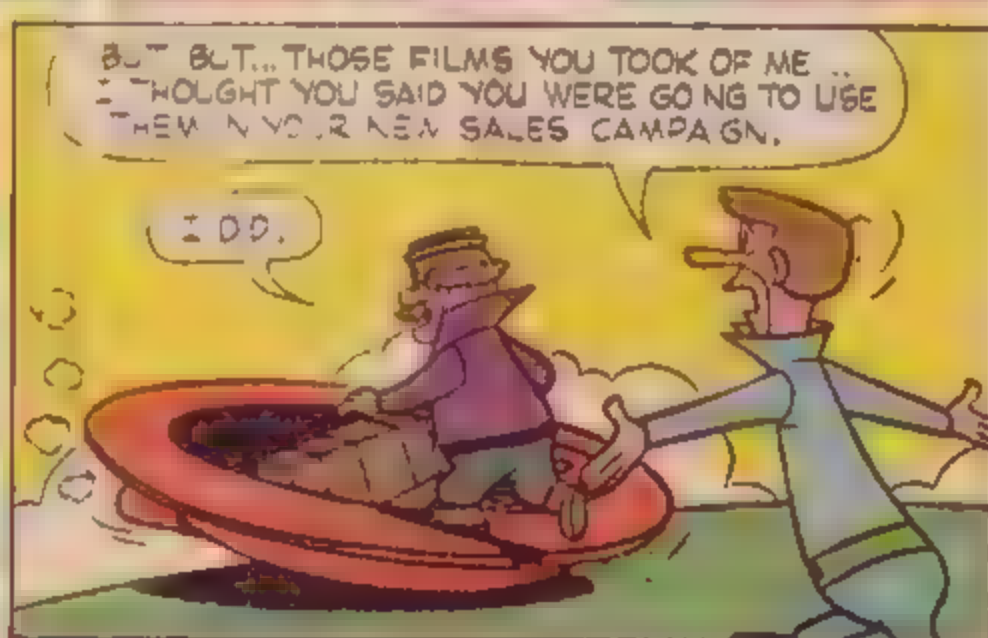
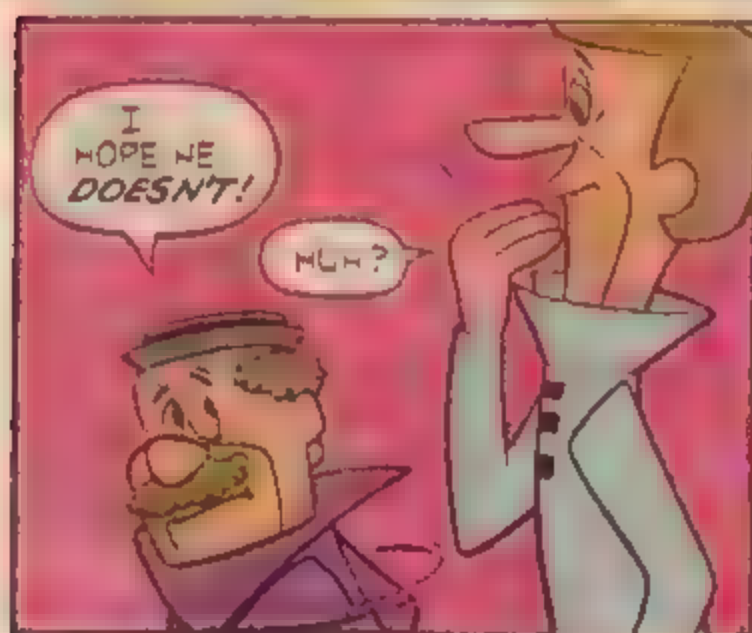
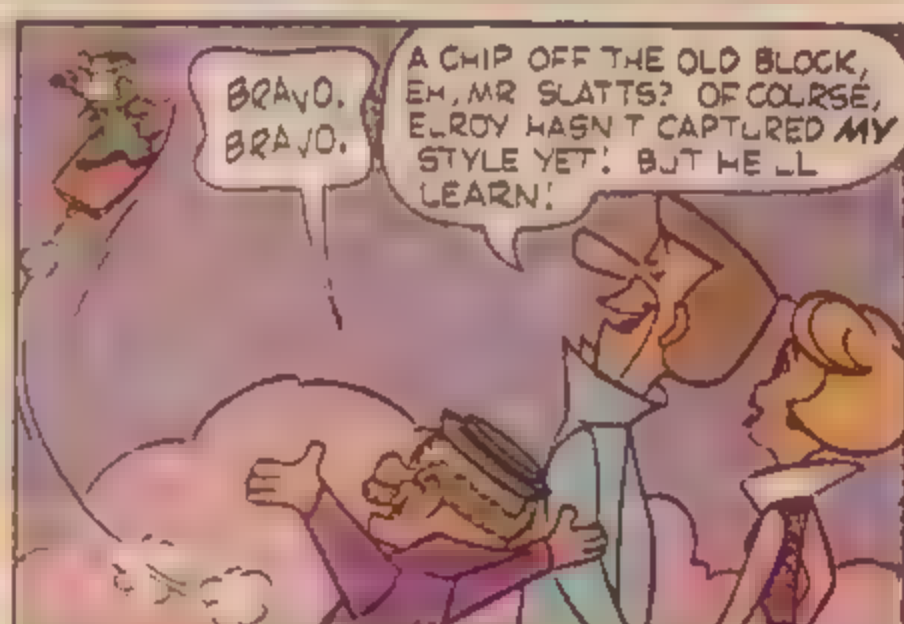
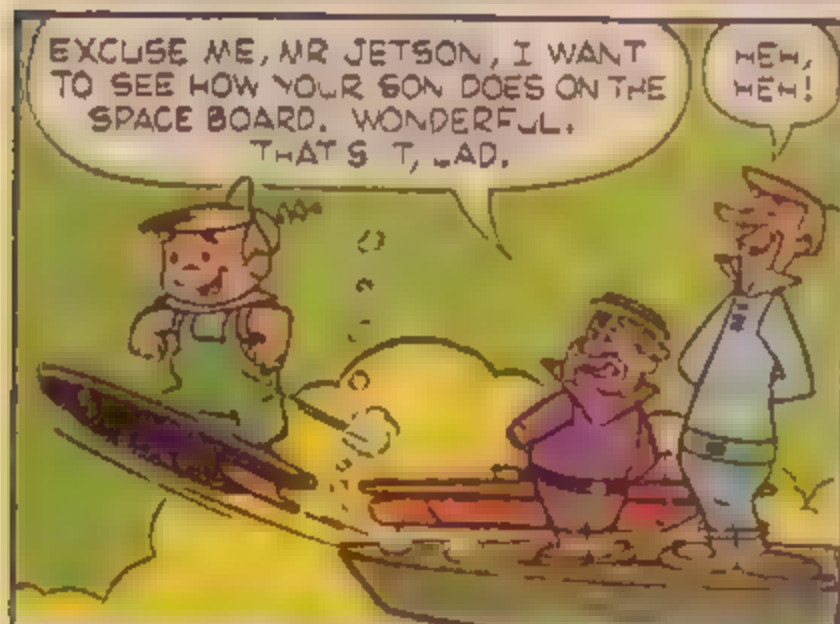
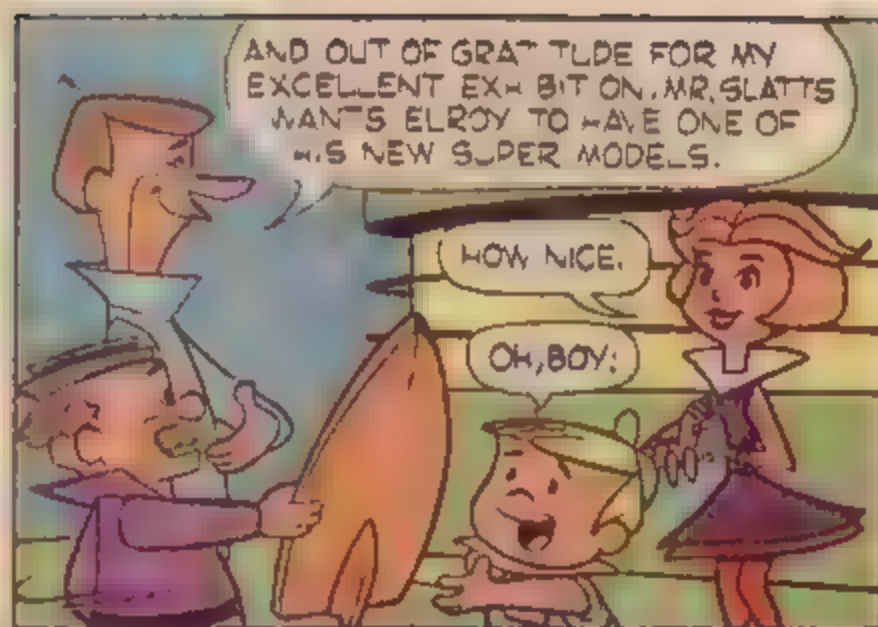
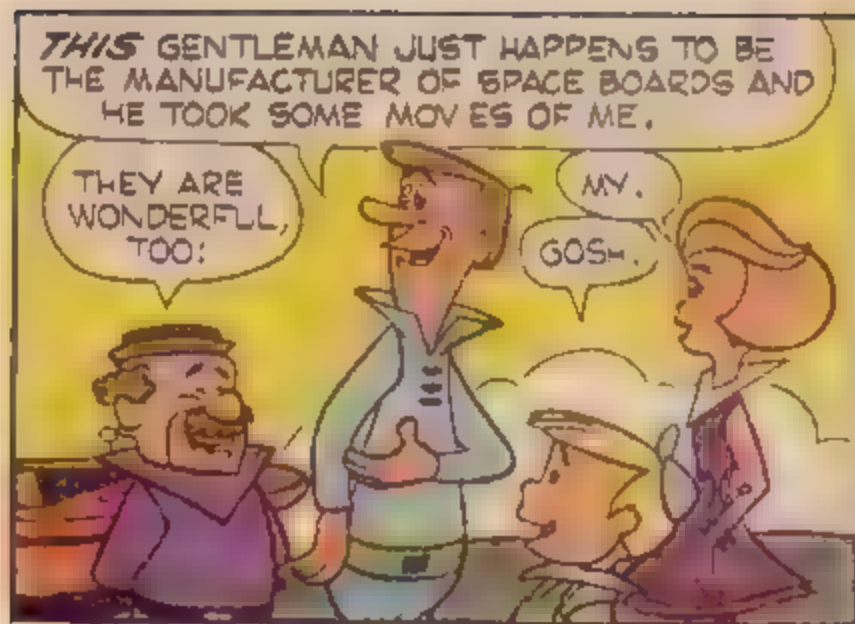






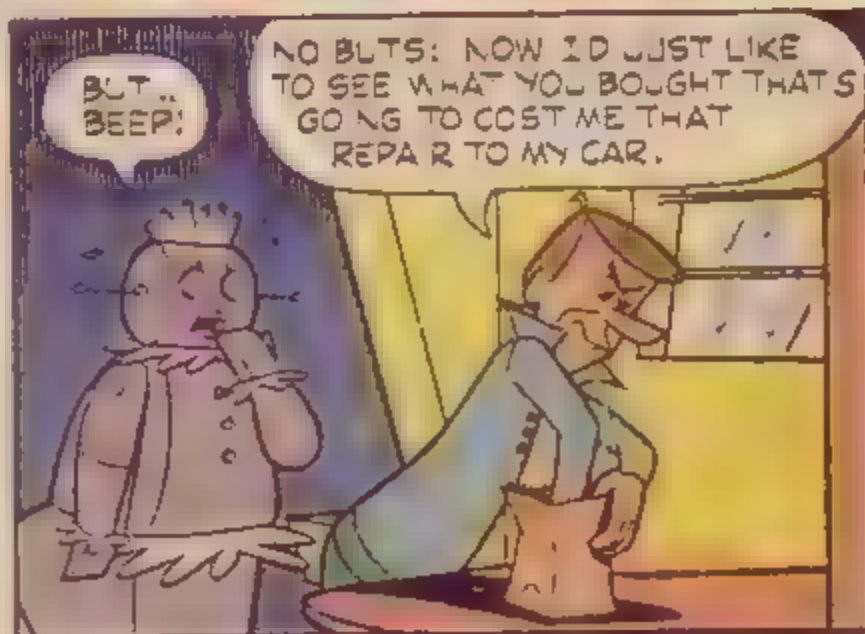
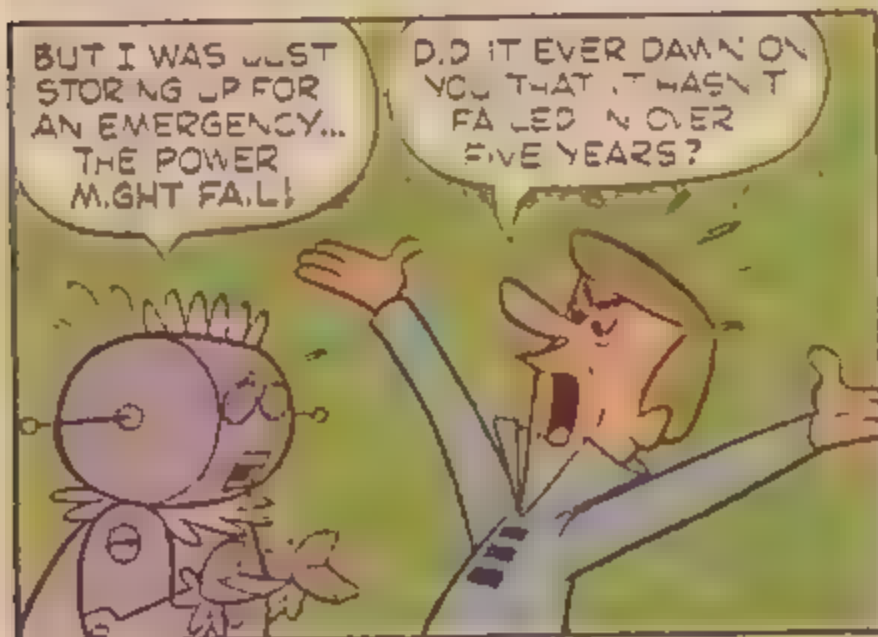
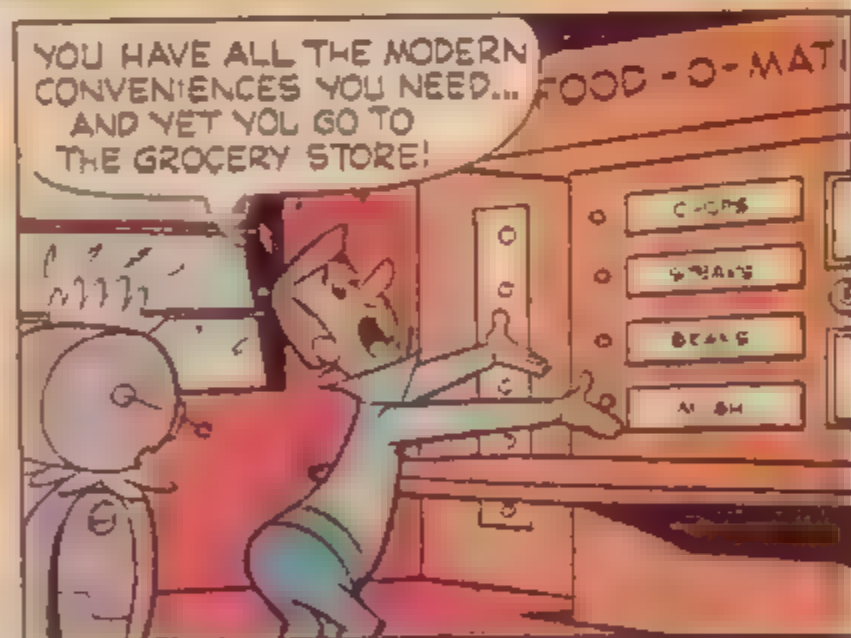
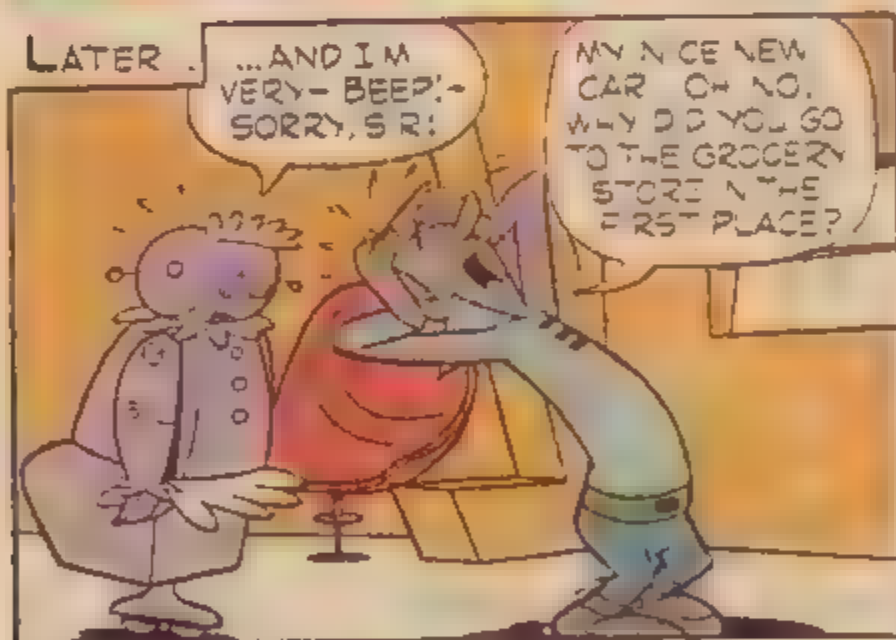
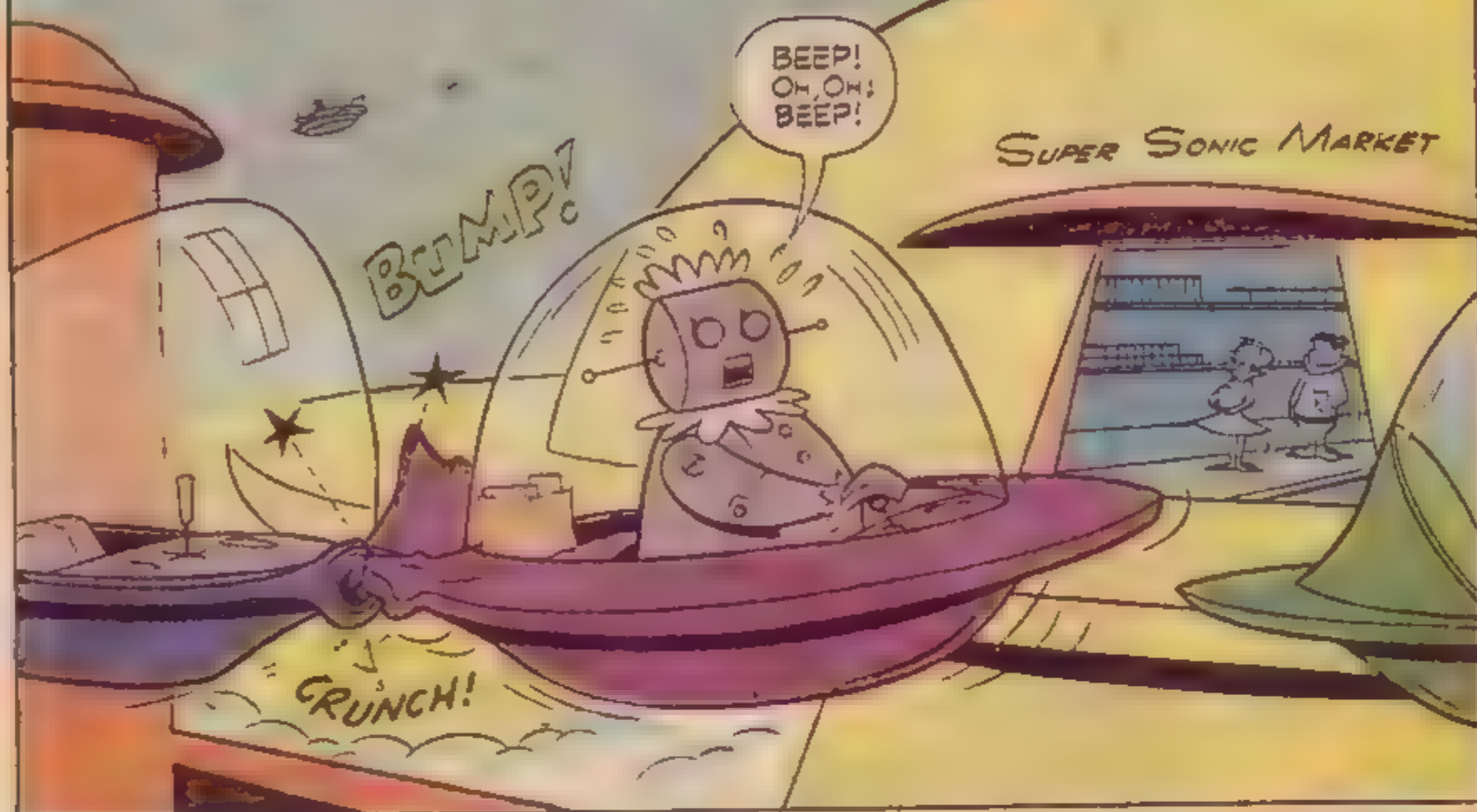


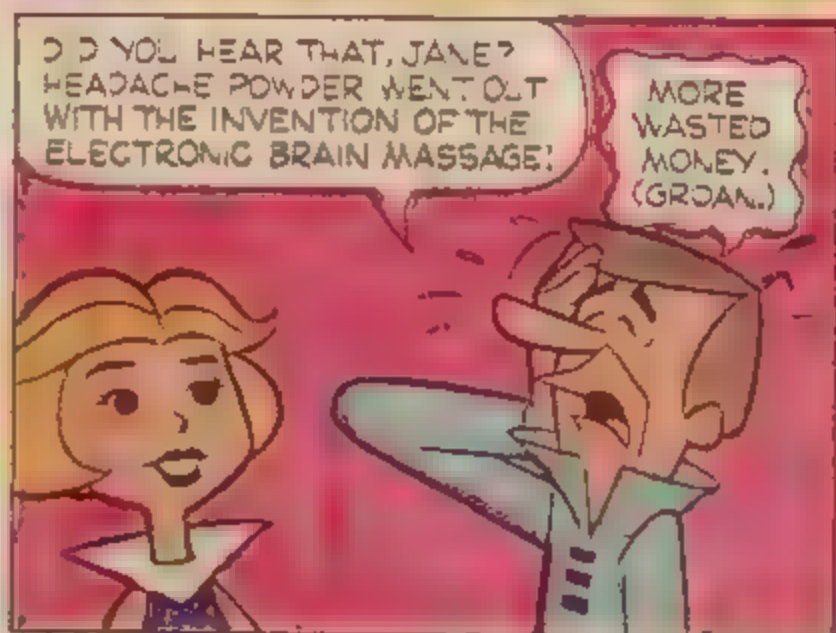
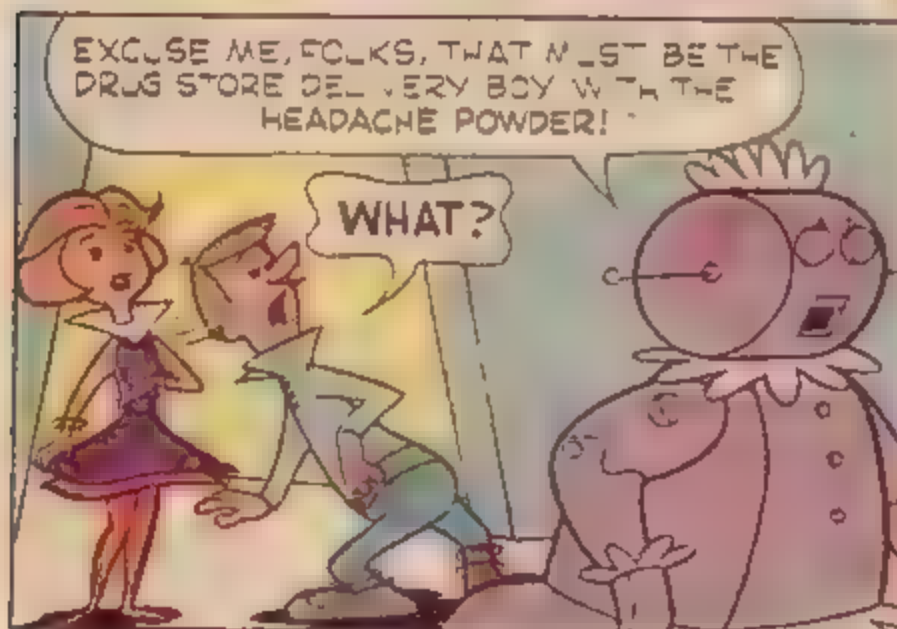
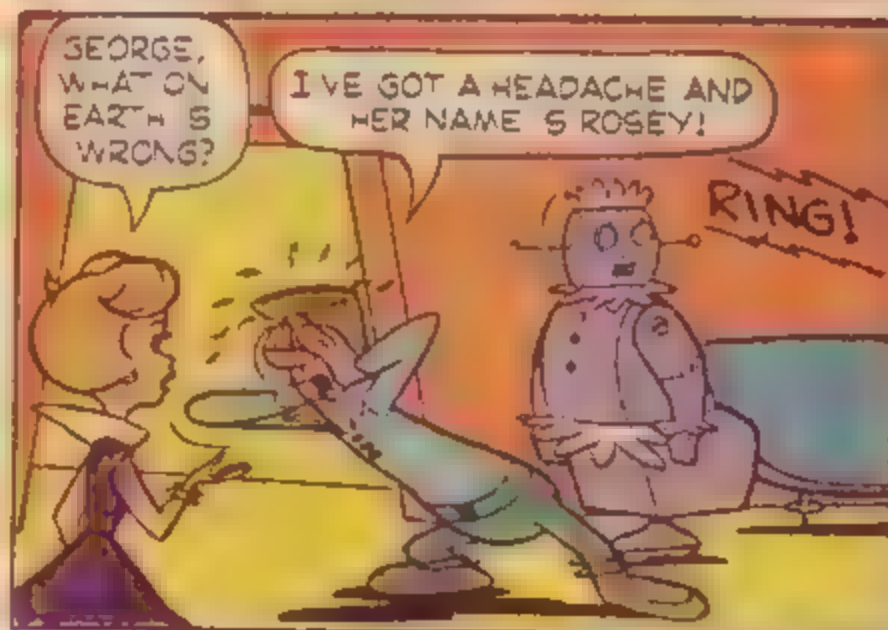
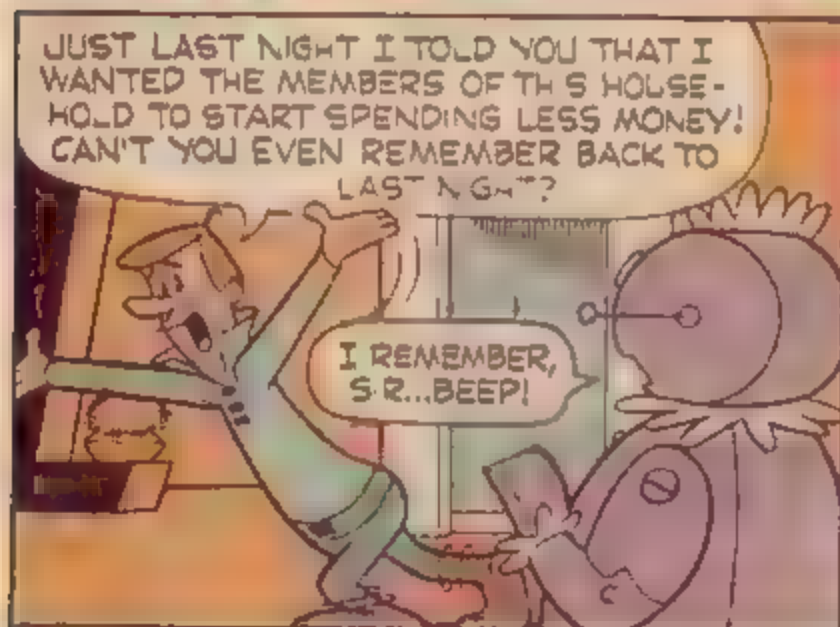
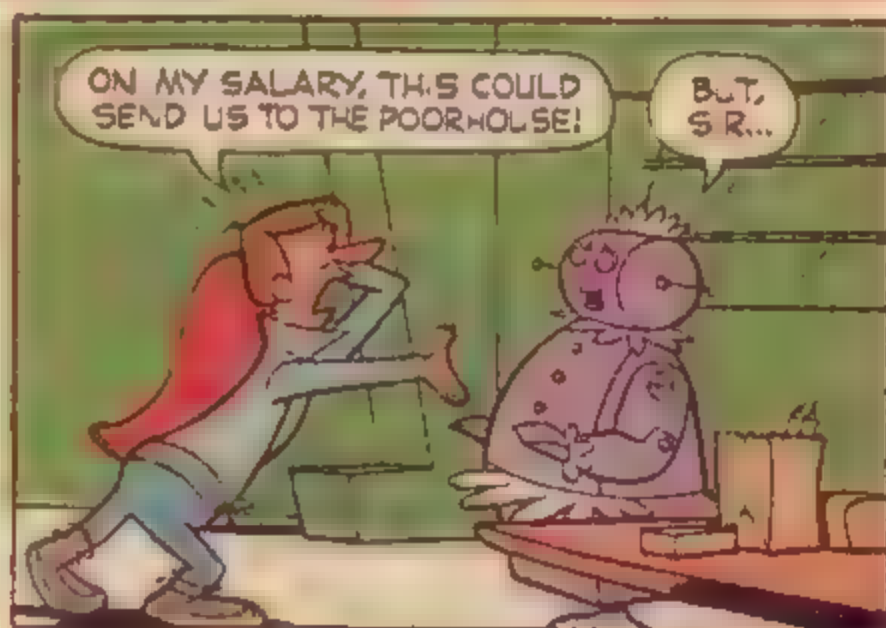
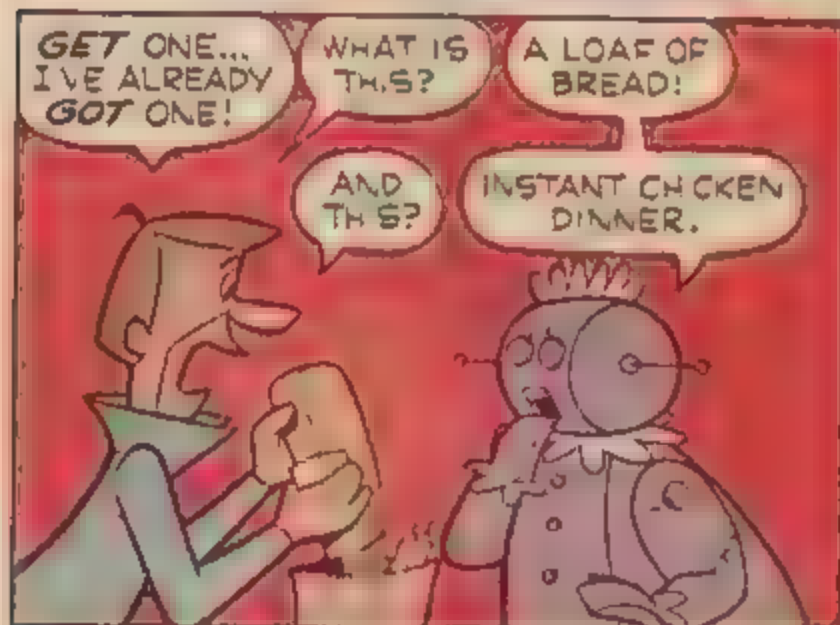
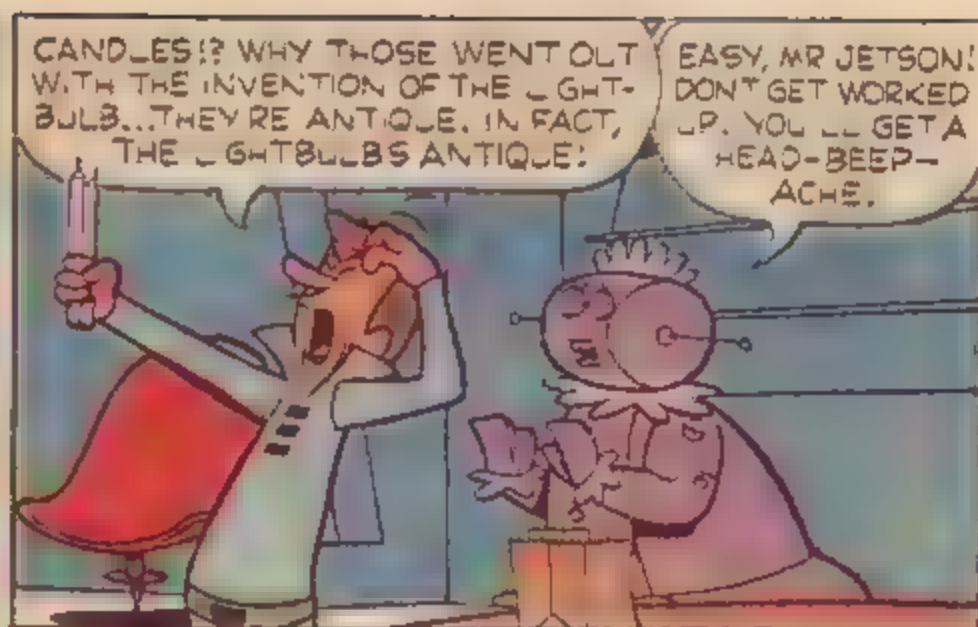
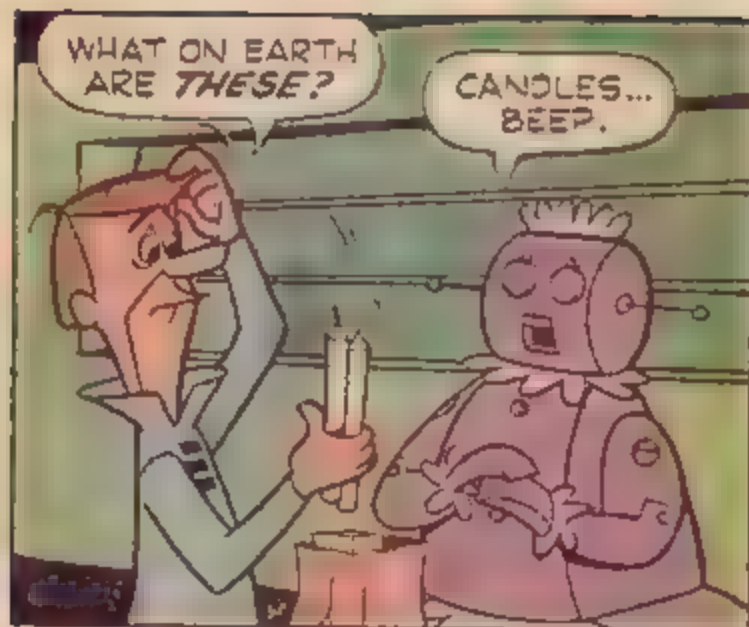


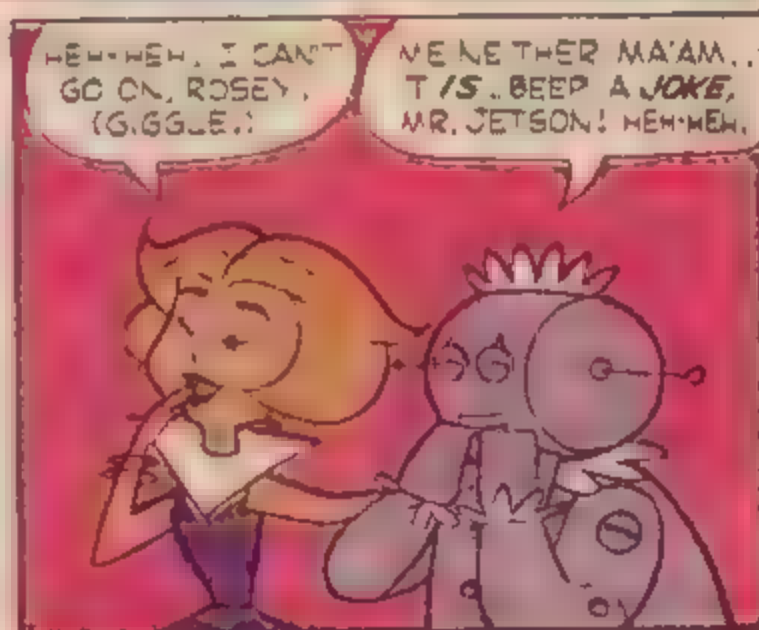
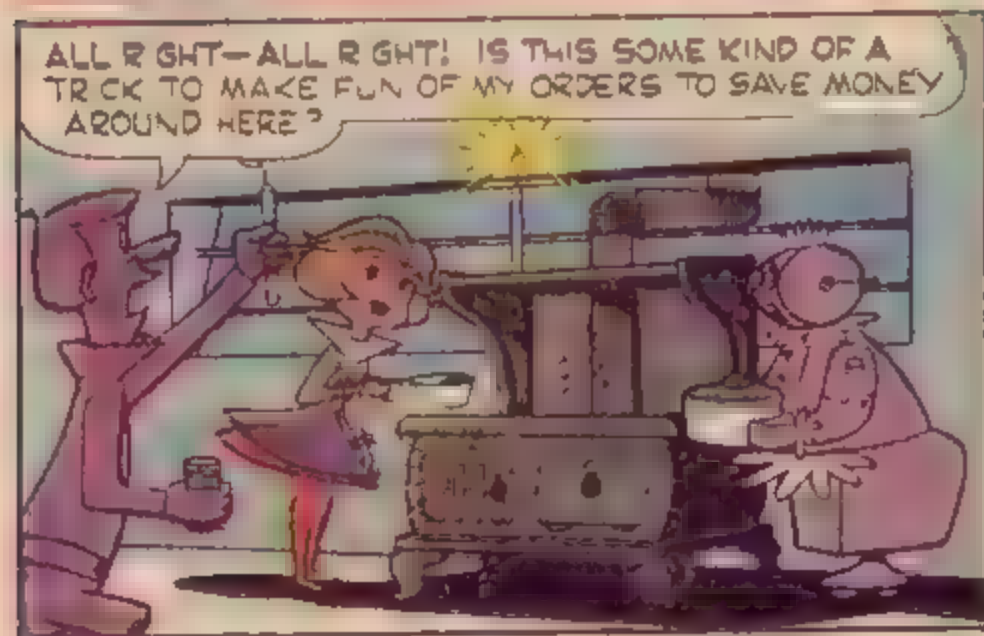
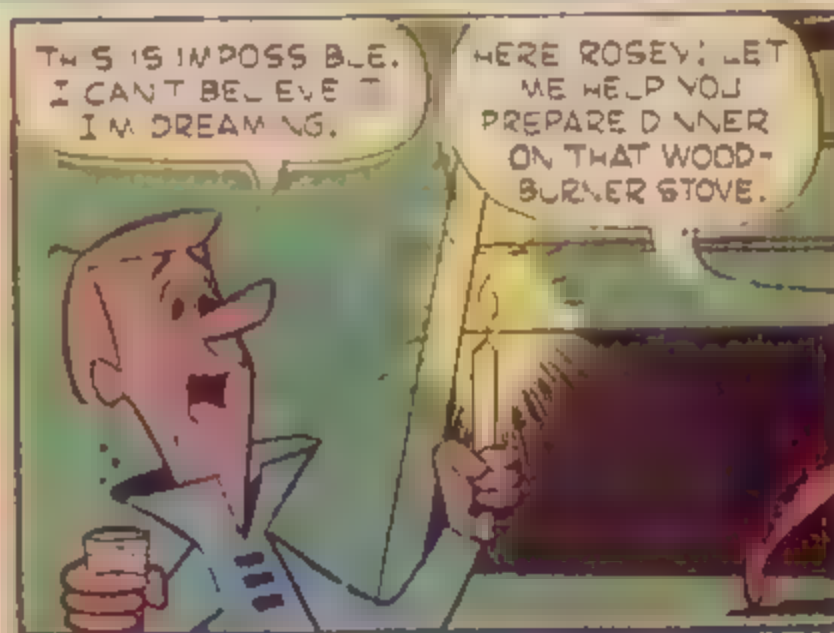
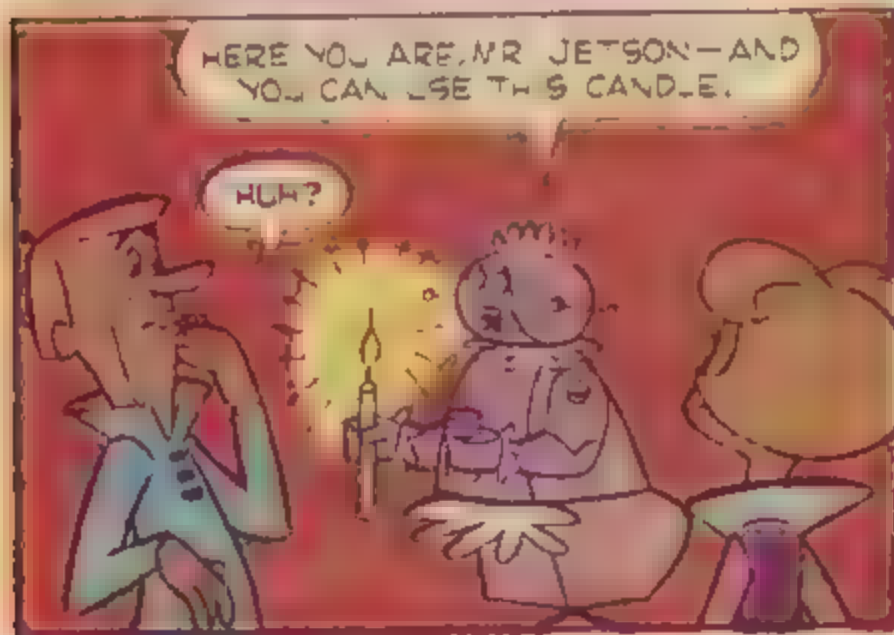
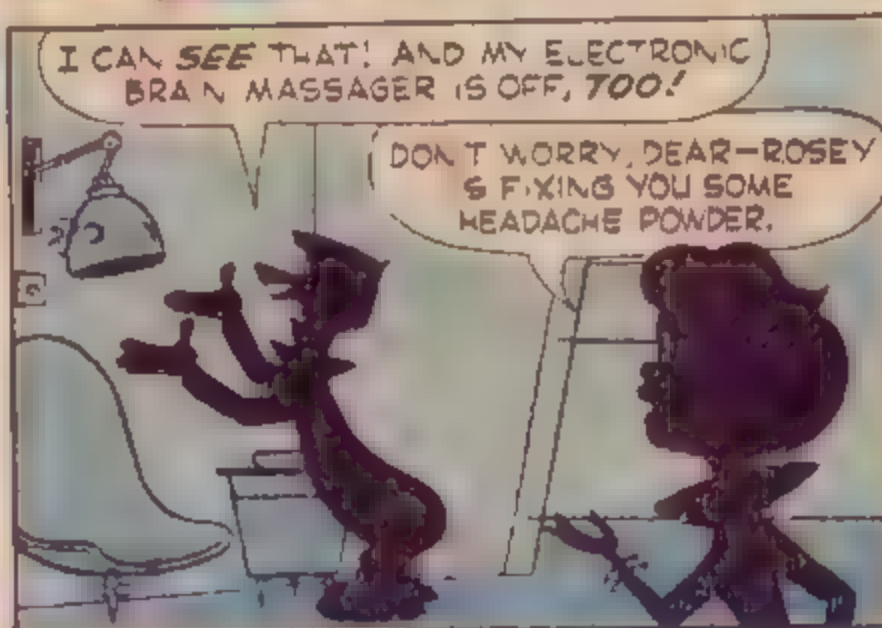
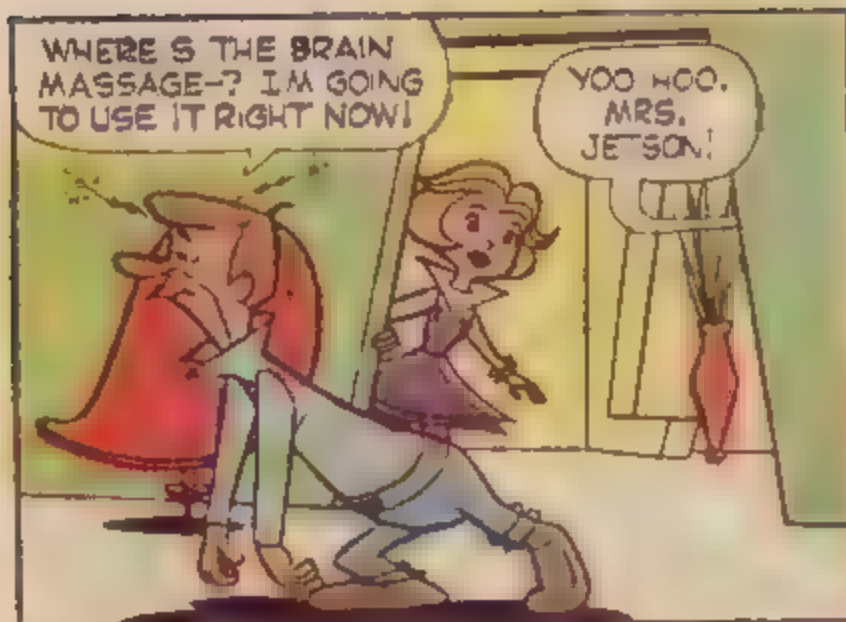


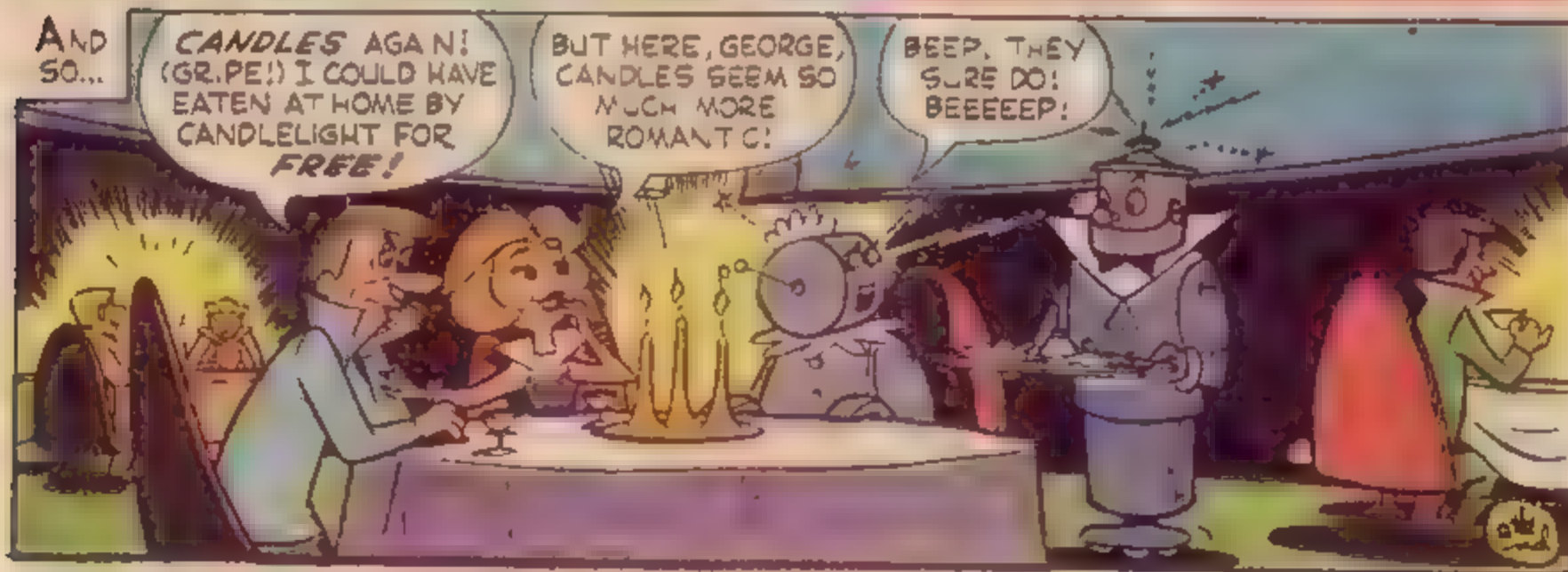
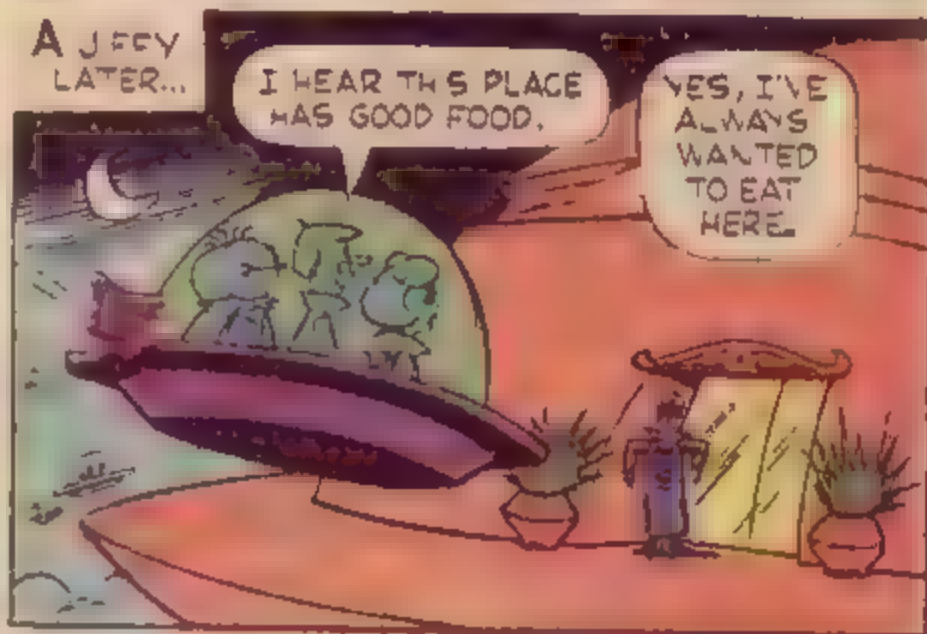
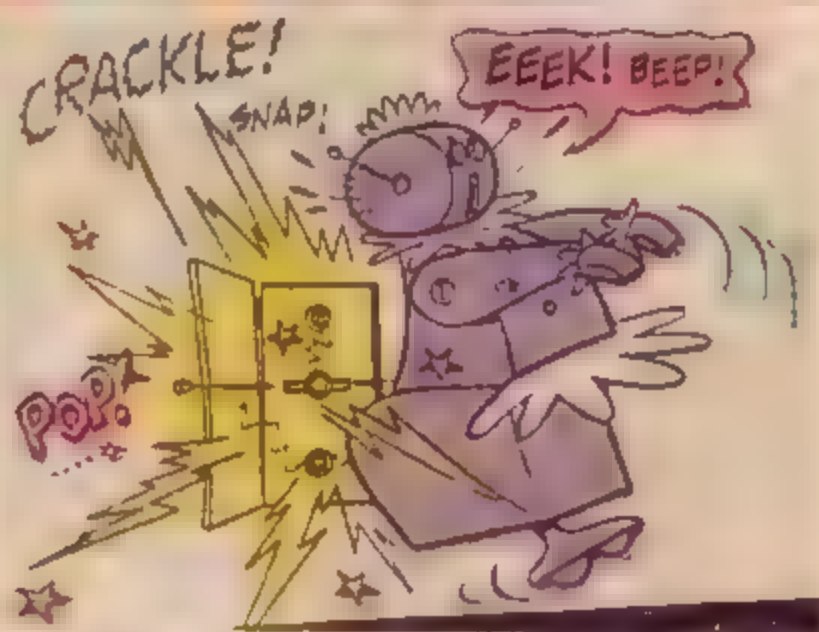
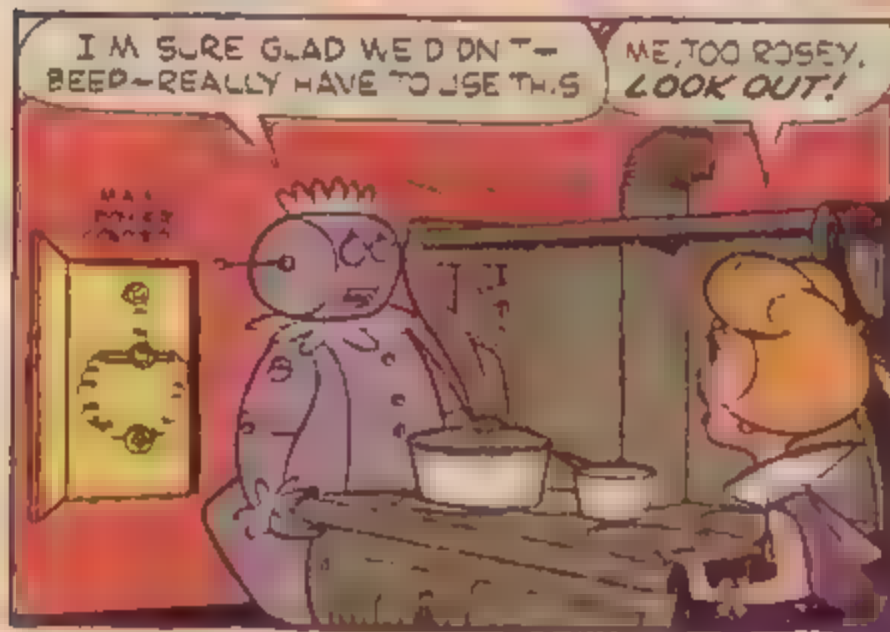
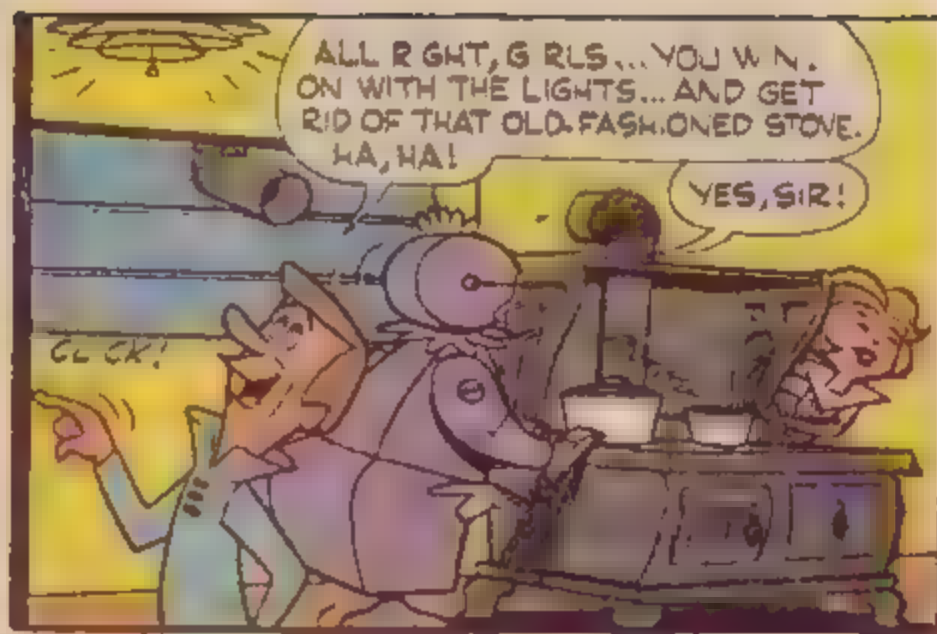
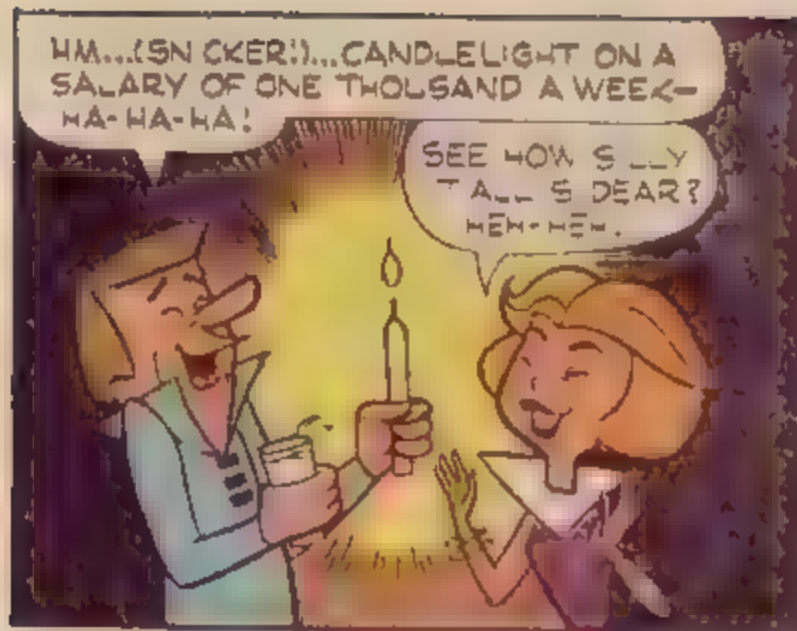
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The **JETSONS**

THE BUDGET BUNGLE

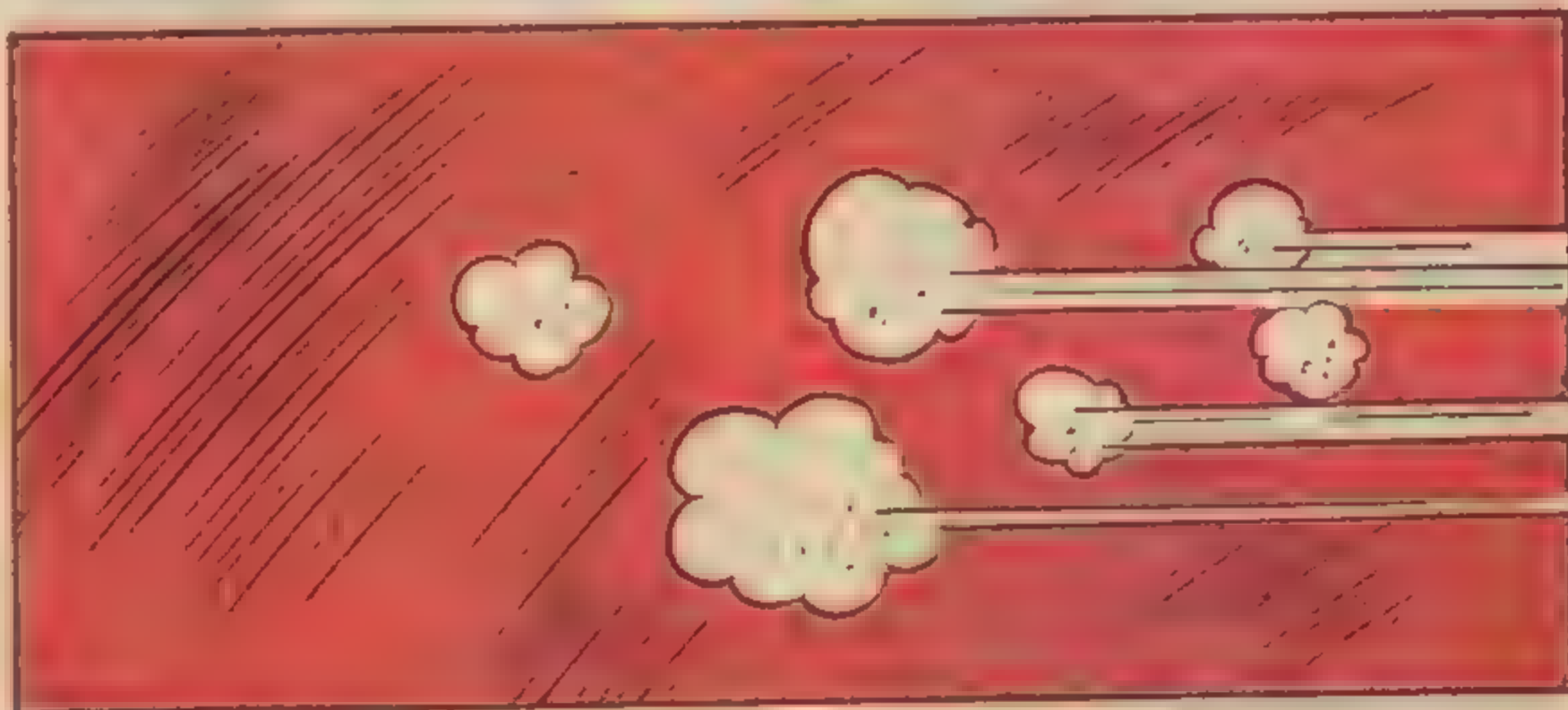
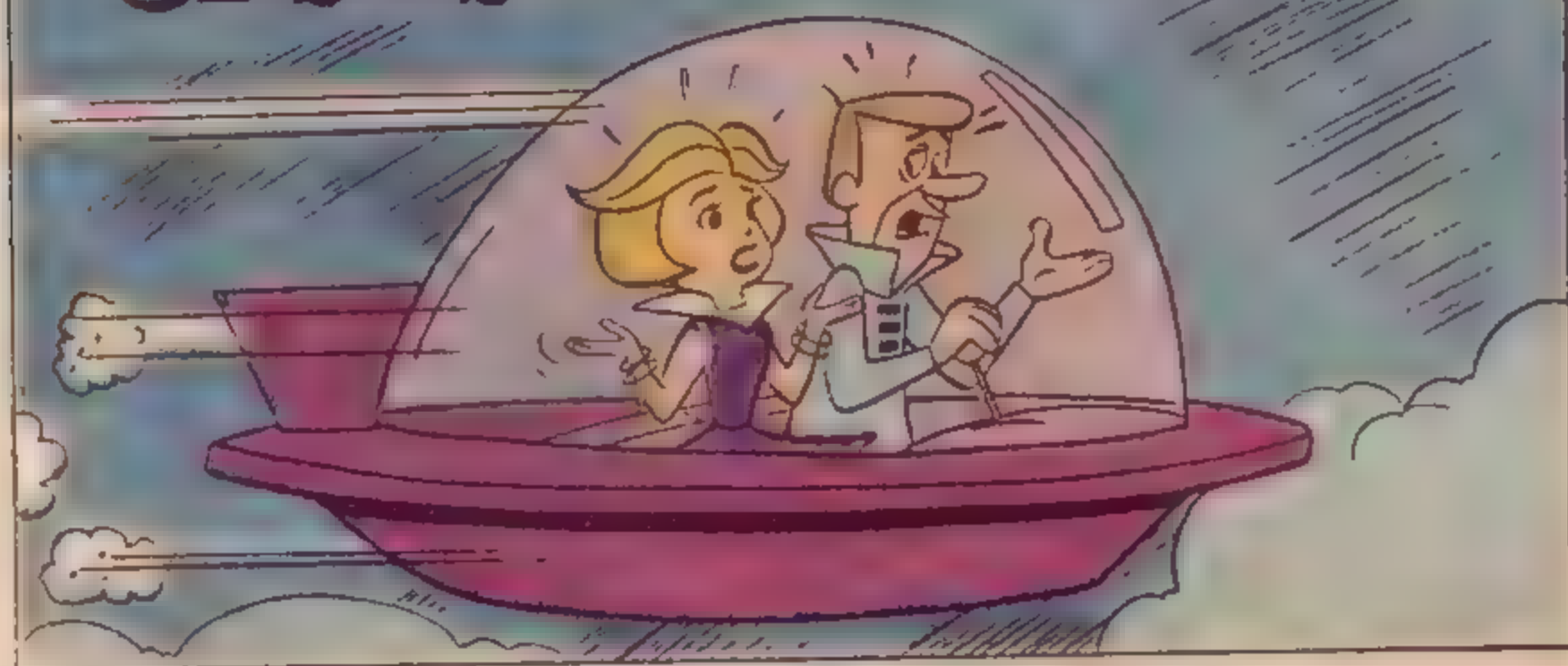






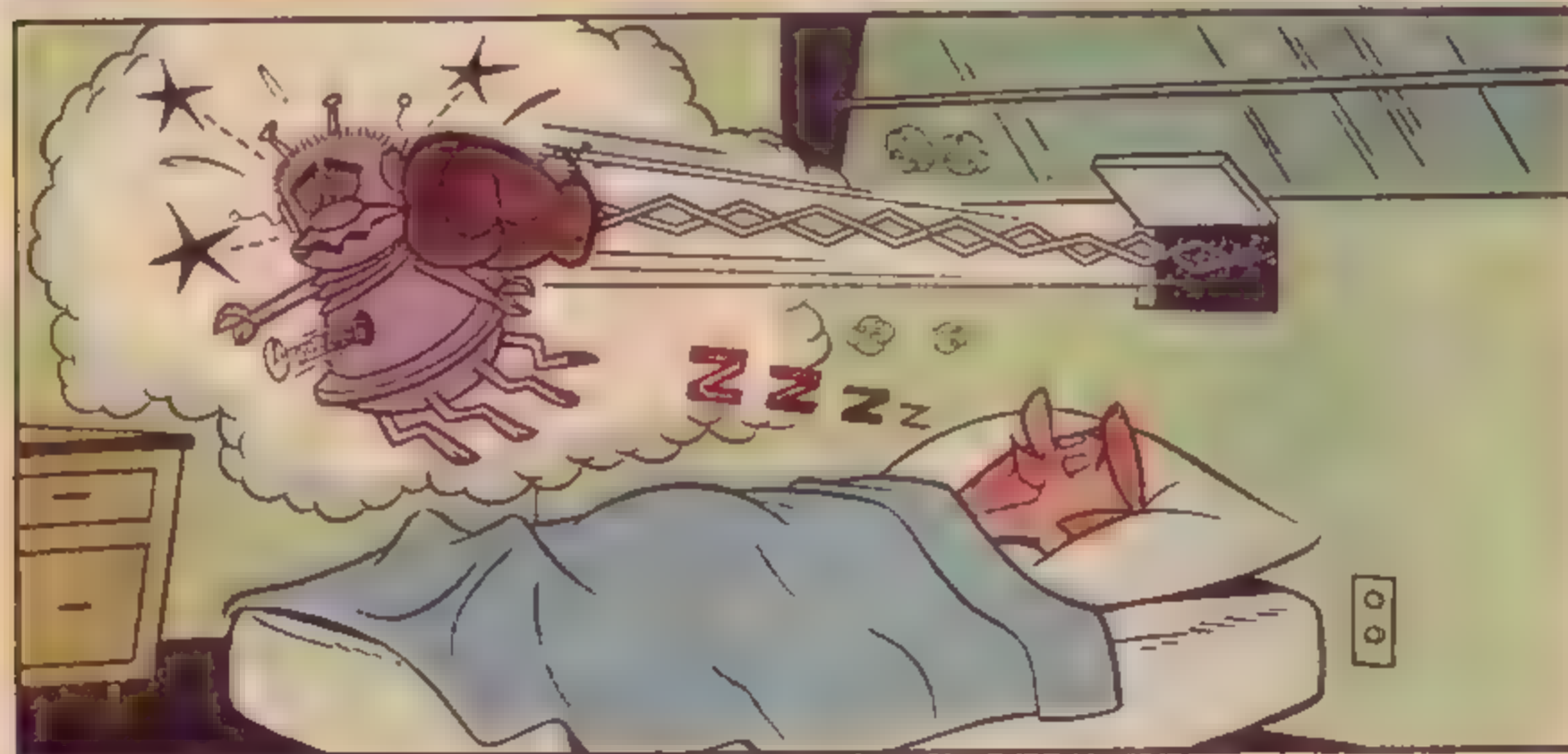
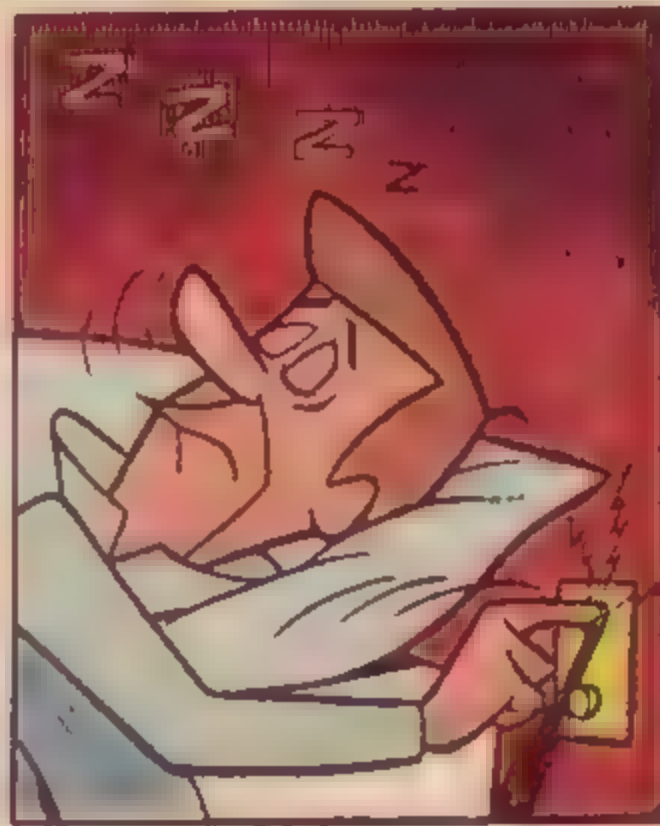
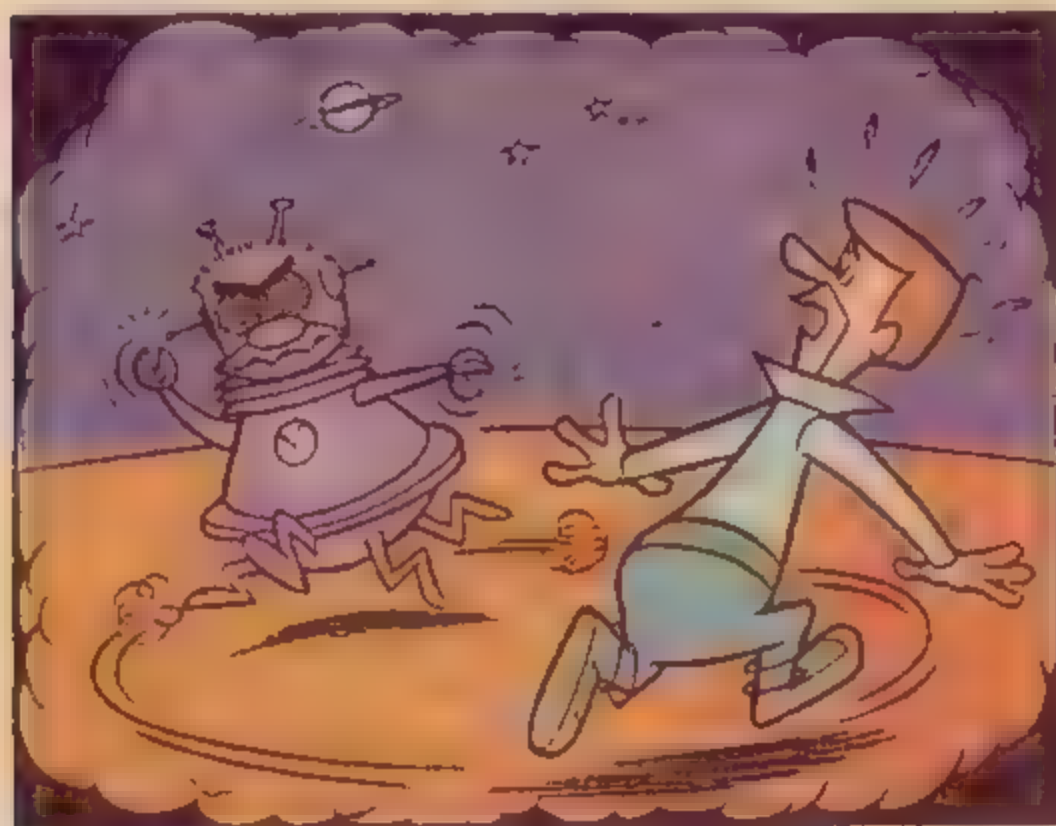
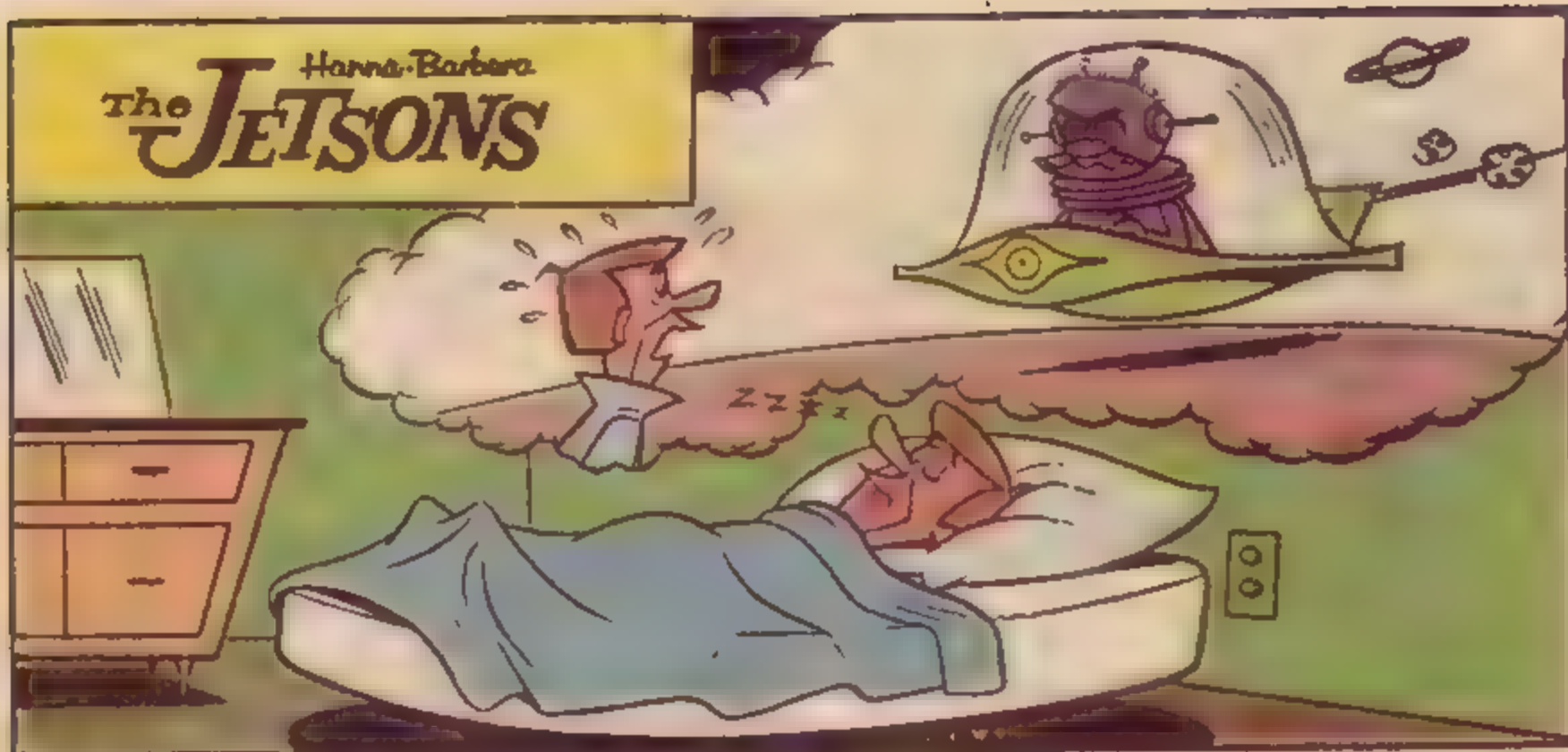


Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS



GEORGE...
DON'T DRIVE SO
FAST!

BUT, DEAR...
WE'RE ONLY
GOING A LITTLE
FASTER THAN
SOUND!





"I'm worried about Junior!" said Goonda to her husband, J. Evil Scientist. "I think there's something wrong with him!"

"Good!" cackled J. Evil. "But what's so terrible about that?"

"Well," replied Goonda, "he just sits and sulks in his room. He hasn't so much as pulled a chair out from under me all day!"

"Egad!" exclaimed J. Evil. "There's something really wrong! I'll go and see!"

So he went to Junior's room where his son sat sulking amongst the cobwebs.

"What's wrong, son?" asked J. Evil.

"Aw, I'm tired of all these worn-out old playthings," whined Junior as he threw a toy battering-ram at his father.

"Hah, missed me!" laughed J. Evil. "Now I know there's something wrong with you."

"Why can't I get some new toys?" asked Junior. "My guillotine doesn't even work and Mom just snaps those leg-irons apart when I put them on her!"

"Well," replied J. Evil, "I can't afford to buy any new toys, and besides, Ye Olde Toy Shoppe, where I bought those, has been out of business for three hundred years!"

Junior gazed out of the window gloomily as his father left. Then he saw some boys playing in a nearby field and got an idea. Why couldn't he trade one of his old toys for one of theirs?

So he grabbed an old battle-axe and ran off to the field. The first boy he met was flying a kite. "Would you like to trade your toy for mine?" asked Junior.

The boy's eyes lit up when he saw the axe. "You bet!" he cried happily.

So the deal was made and Junior ran off to show his new toy to his father.

"Look what I traded an old battle-axe for!" he cried with glee.

J. Evil looked at it dubiously. "What does it do?" he asked.

"You fly it!" replied Junior.

"Huh, is that all?" J. Evil snorted. "Isn't it bad for something? You know everything we have around here must be bad!"

"Well, uh, I don't know, Pop," said Junior as he ran across the field trailing the kite. "Maybe some birds will get caught in the string!" But no birds did.

"Bah!" said J. Evil. "All that thing does is fly around the sky gracefully. That's repulsive! I can't let you keep a thing like that! Your mother would disown us."

Then Junior noticed a thunderstorm coming up. "Would you like to try flying the kite, Pop?" he asked.

"All right," J. Evil grumbled, "but I don't think it's going to change my mind! This thing's no good — I mean bad!"

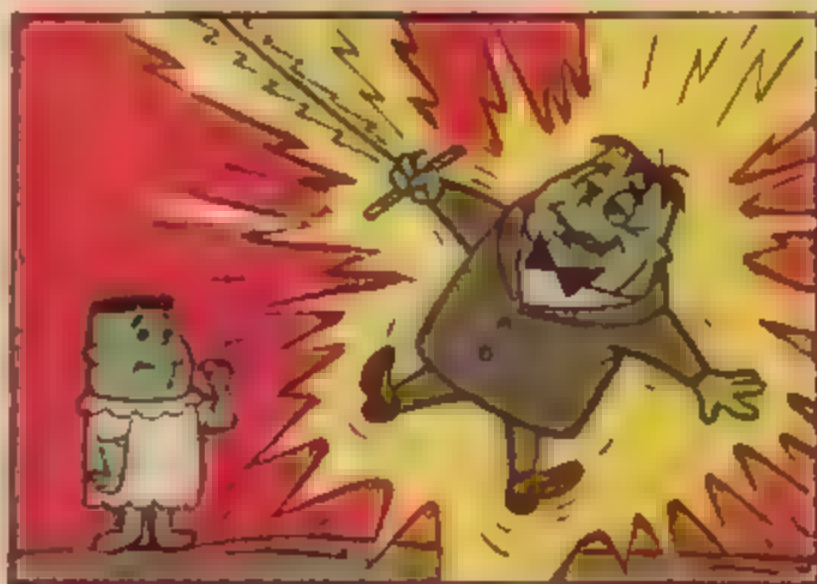
He took the string as the storm began to close in. The wind howled! Lightning flashed! Thunder roared and the rain came down in torrents!

"Oh boy!" cried J. Evil, leaning happily against the noisy metal drainpipe. "This is my kind of weather!"

Suddenly a tremendous lightning bolt hit the kite. It ran down the string and knocked J. Evil forty feet — into a mud puddle! He was stunned for a moment, but crawled out wiping mud from his face.

"Son," he said, "I've changed my mind. You can keep that kite! It's positively and wonderfully dangerous!"

"Gee, thanks, Pop!" said Junior happily. Then he said to himself, as J. Evil went off to the house, "It's a good thing Pop is sort of absent-minded, and forgot that a fellow named Ben Franklin used a kite to discover that lightning is electricity — because that was a good thing!"



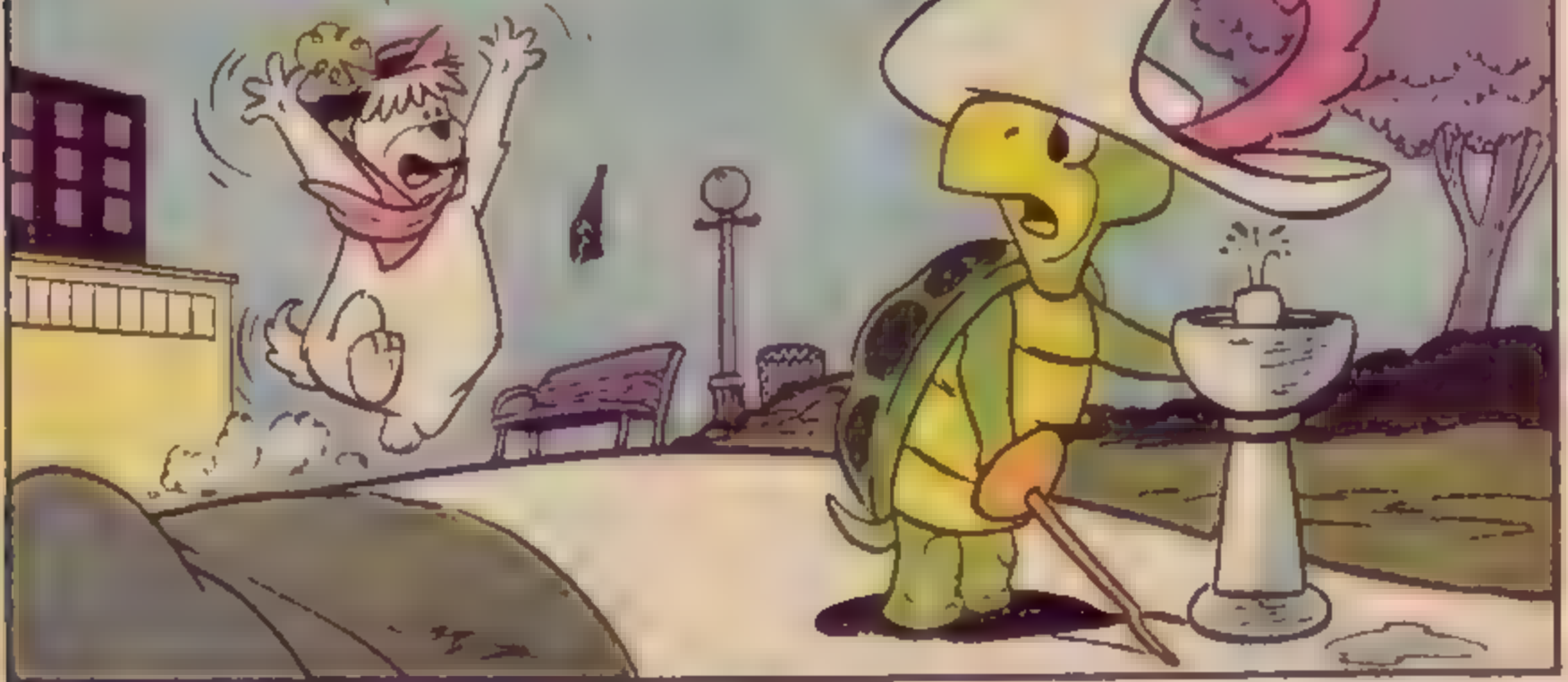
Hanna-Barbera

TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM

A DISTRESSING SITUATION

TOUCHÉ! TOUCHÉ!
COME QUICK, THERE'S A
LADY IN DISTRESS.

DON'T GET SO EXCITED,
DUM DUM!



CALM DOWN
AND GIVE ME
THE FACTS!

I WAS WALKING BY
THIS SHOP AND I HEARD
A SCREAM—AND THEN...



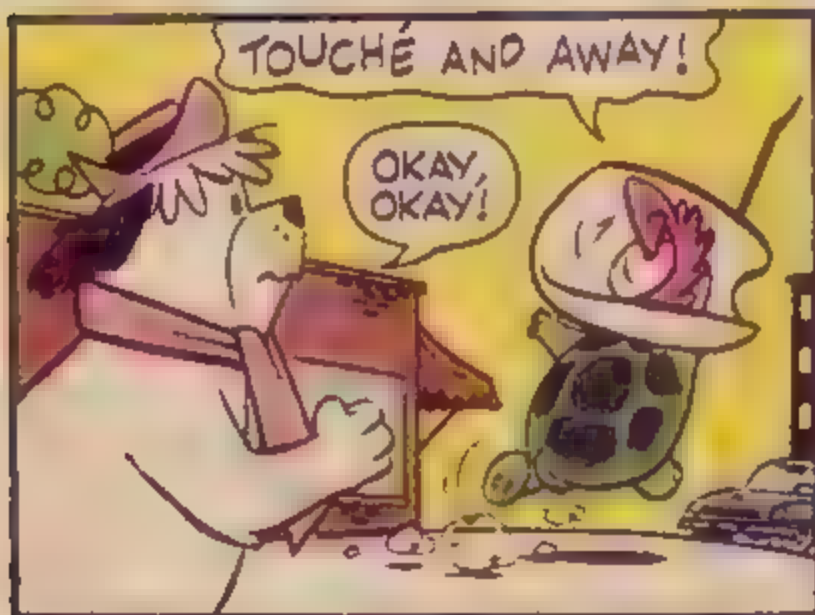
THERE'S NO TIME
TO DILLY DALLY,
DUM DUM, WHEN A
DAMSEL IS IN
TROUBLE!

BUT I HAVEN'T
TOLD YOU WHERE
TO GO YET!



TOUCHÉ AND AWAY!

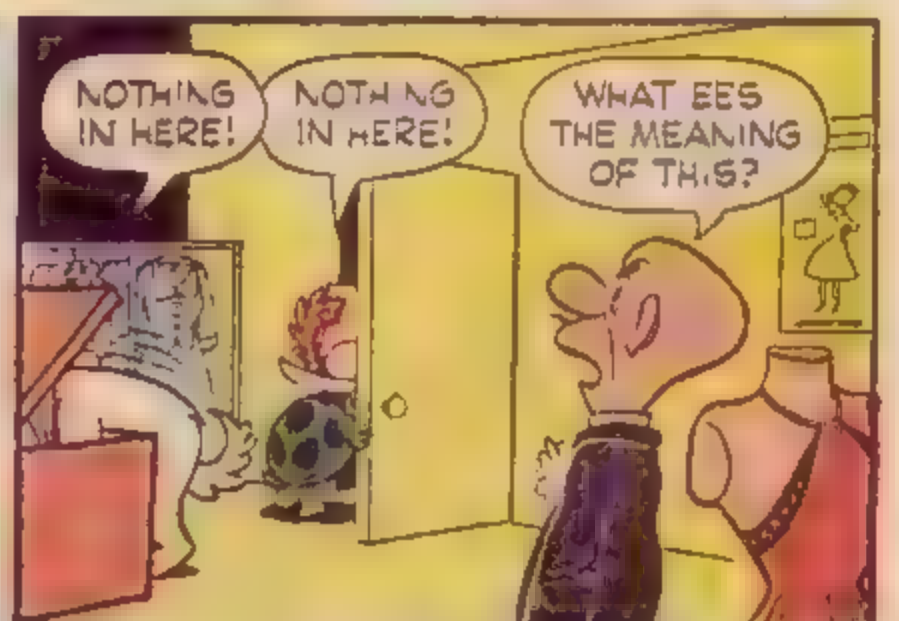
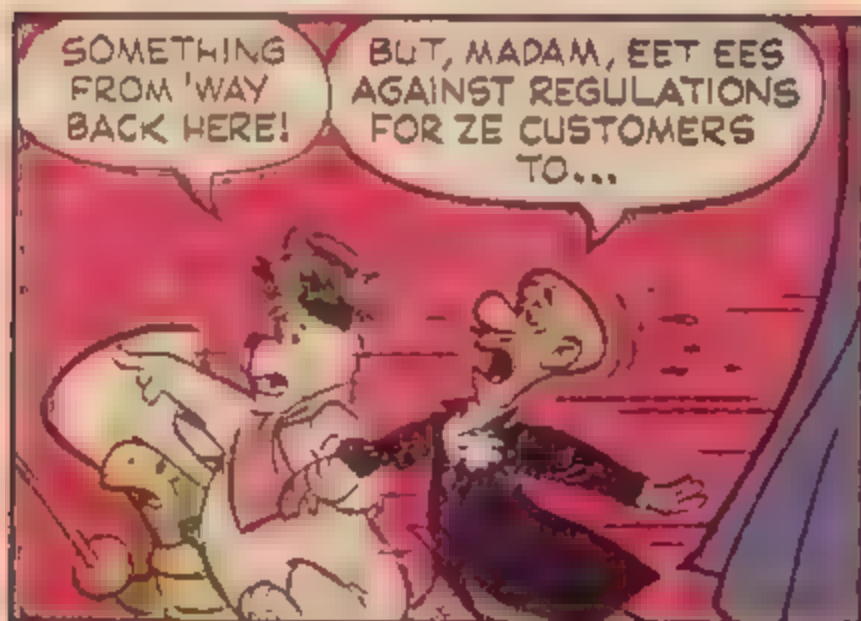
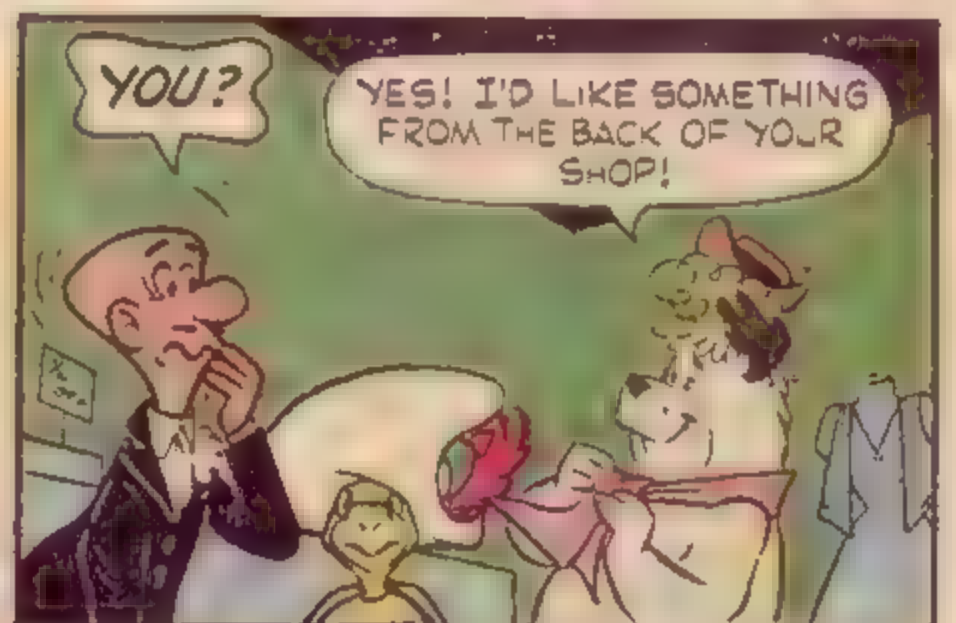
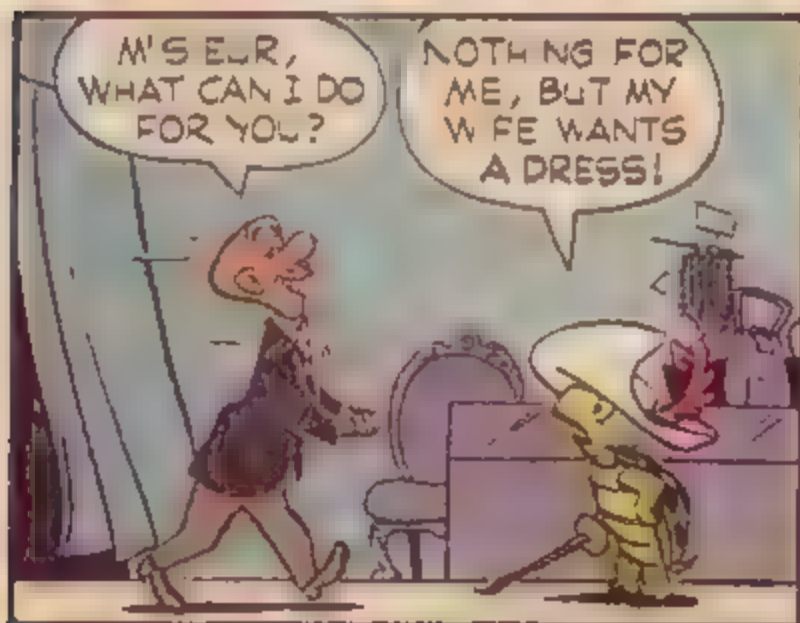
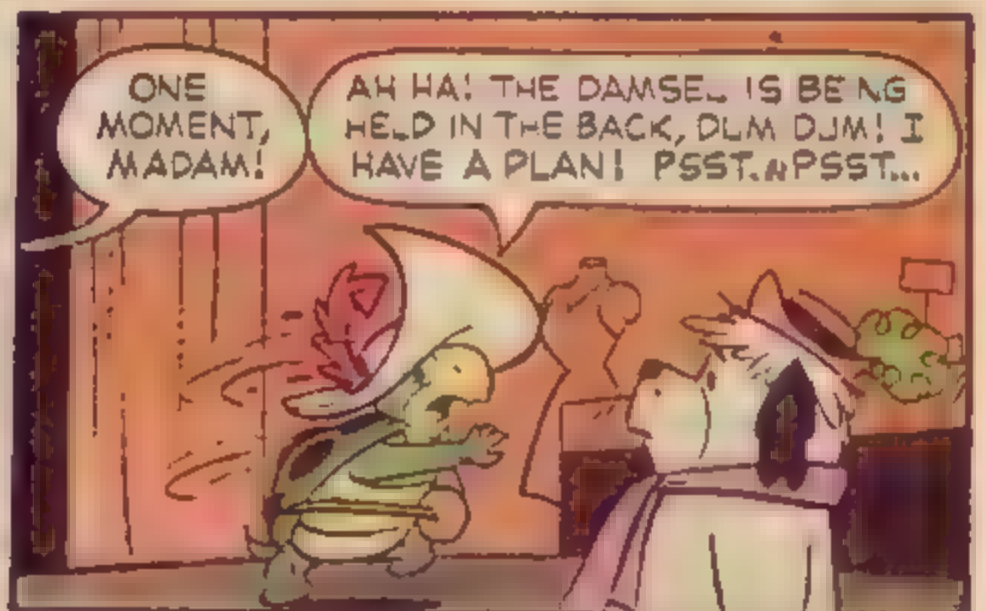
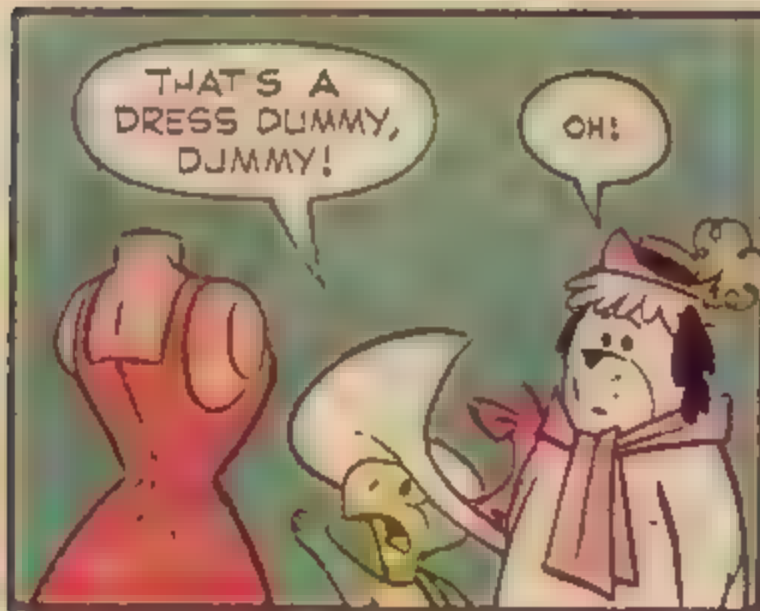
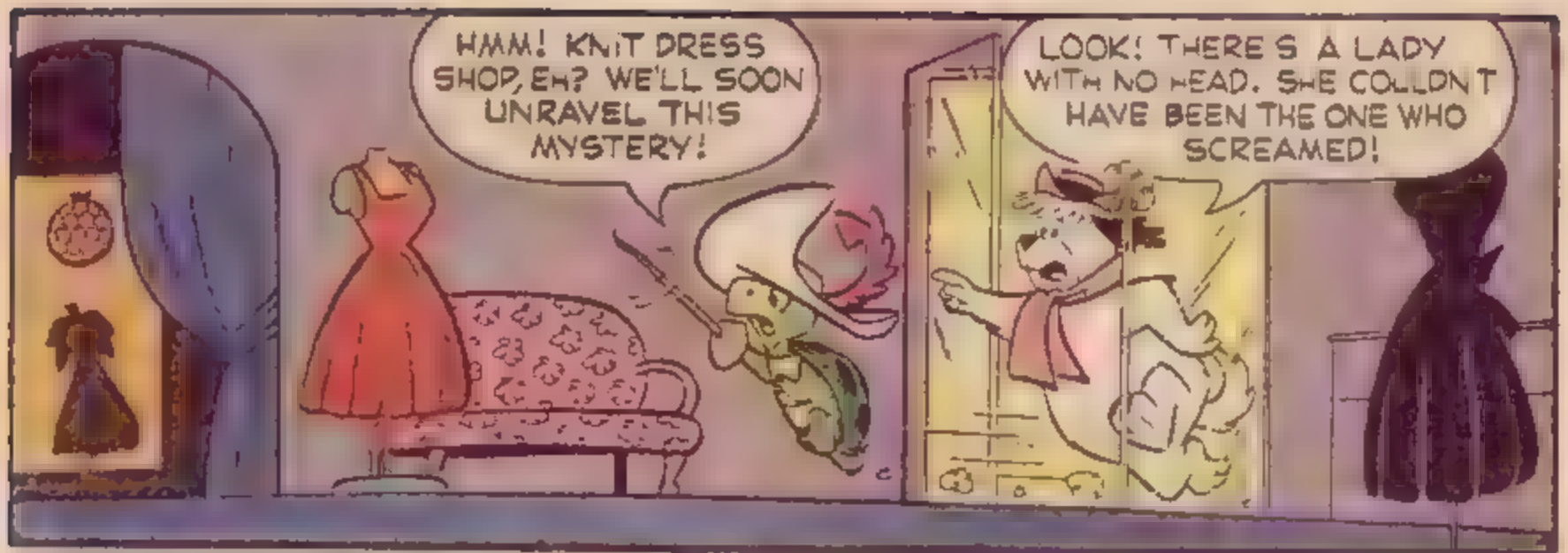
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OKAY!

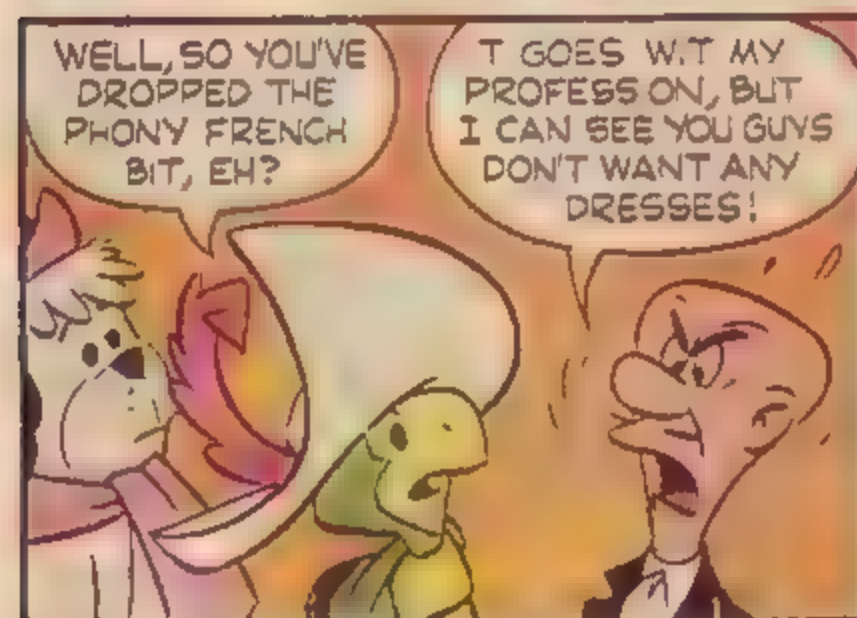
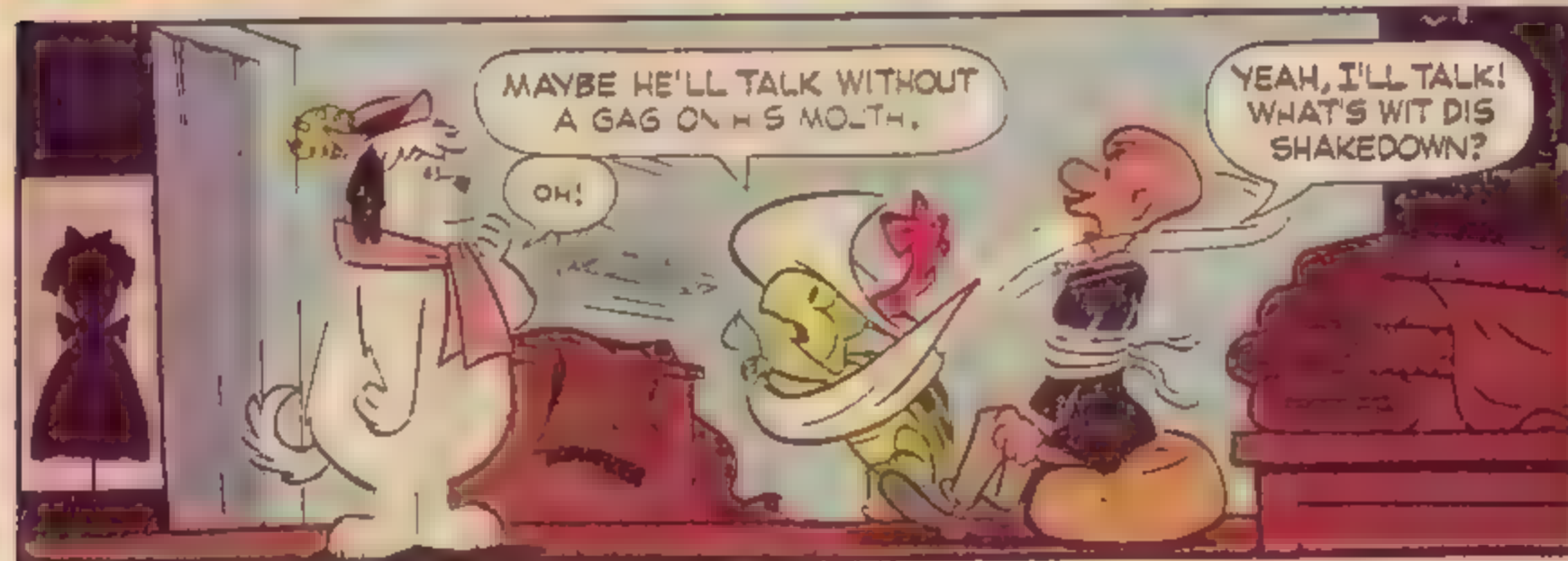
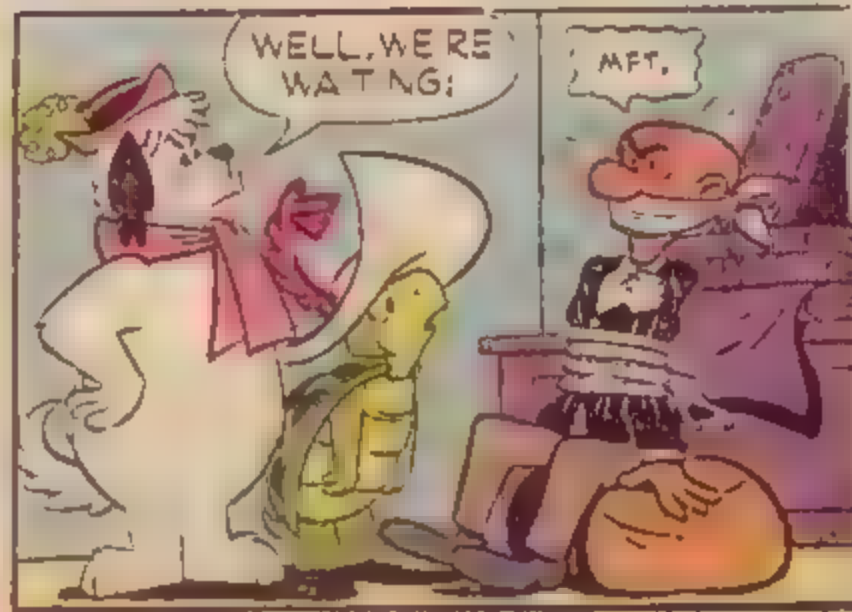
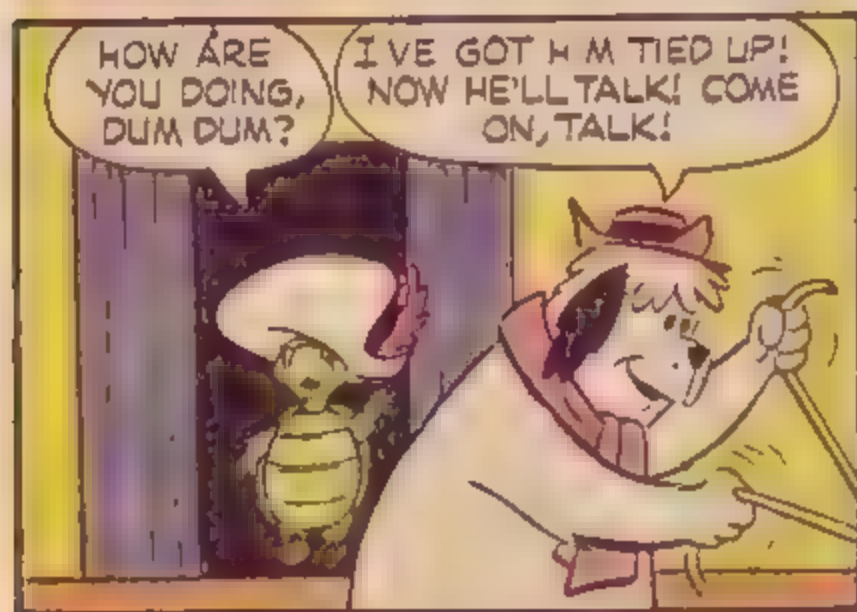
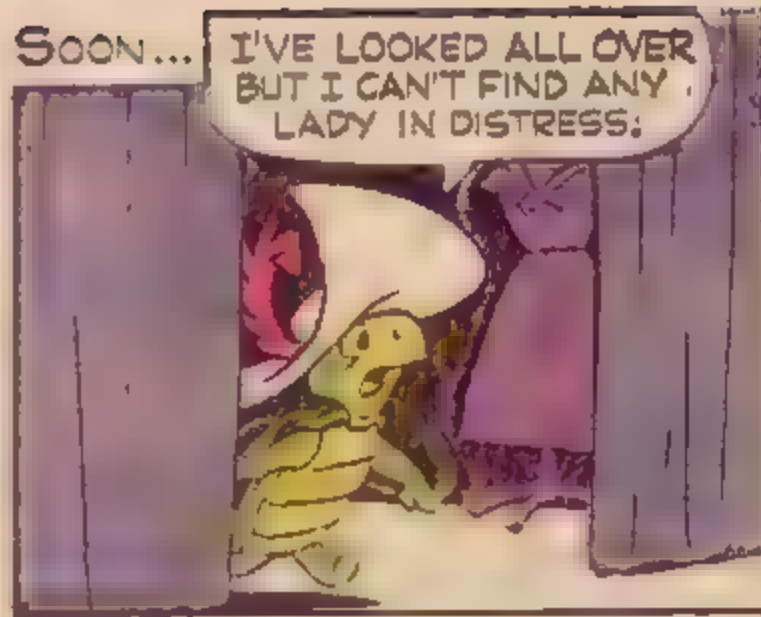
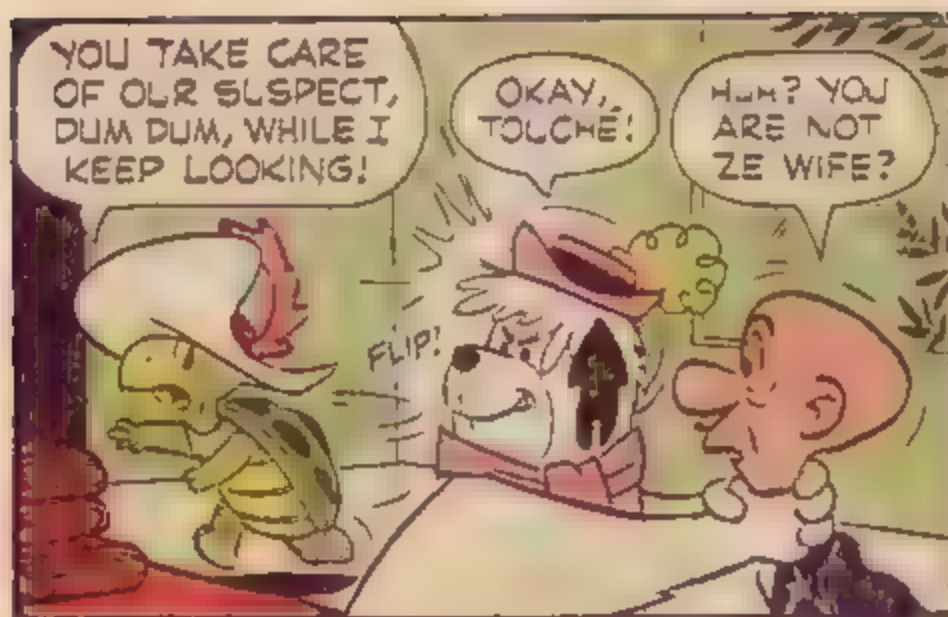


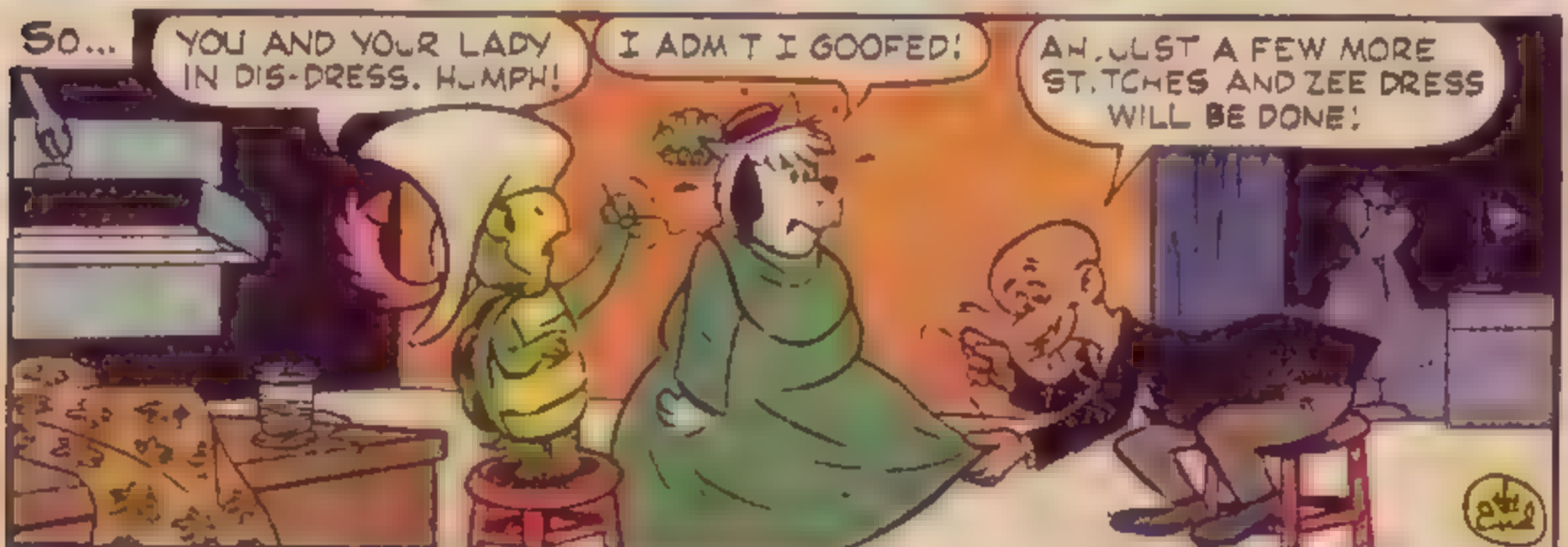
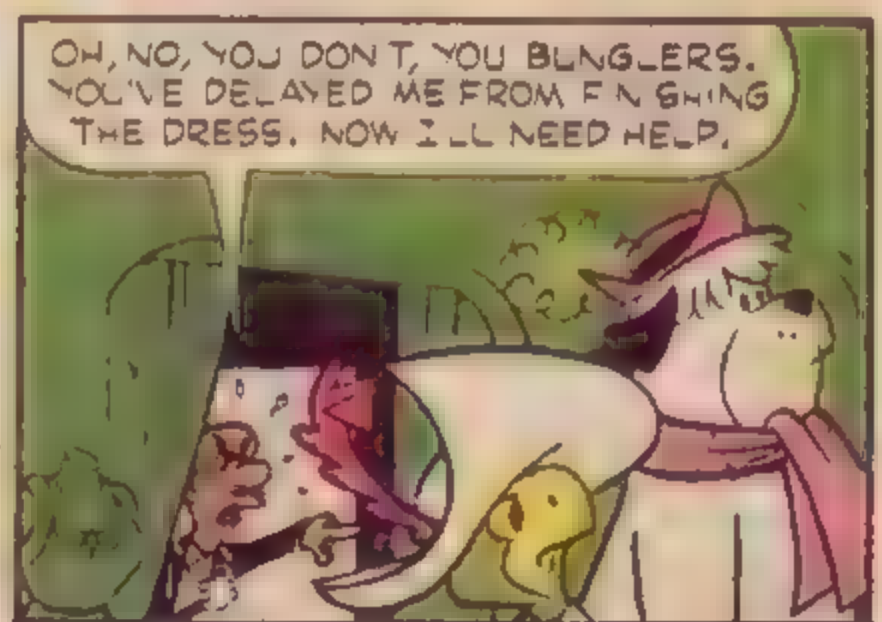
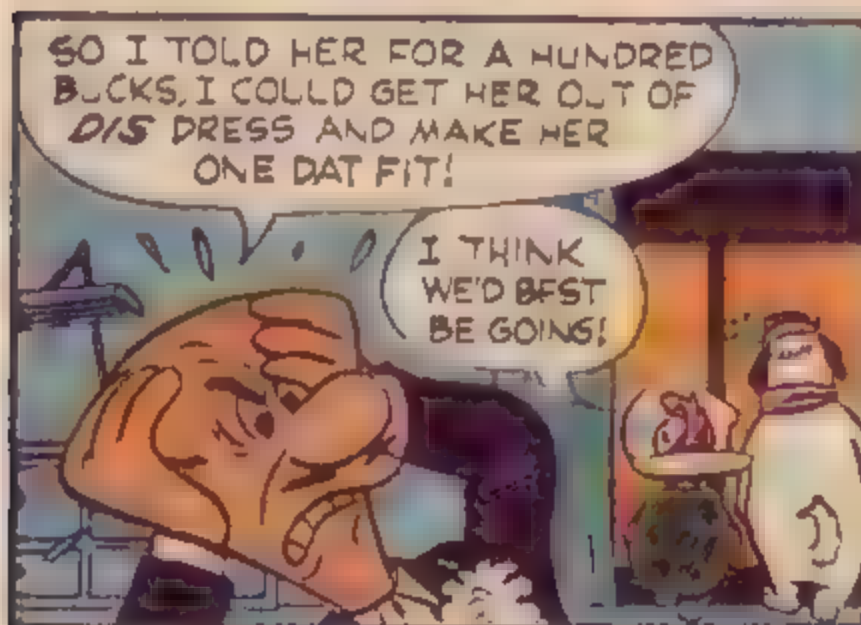
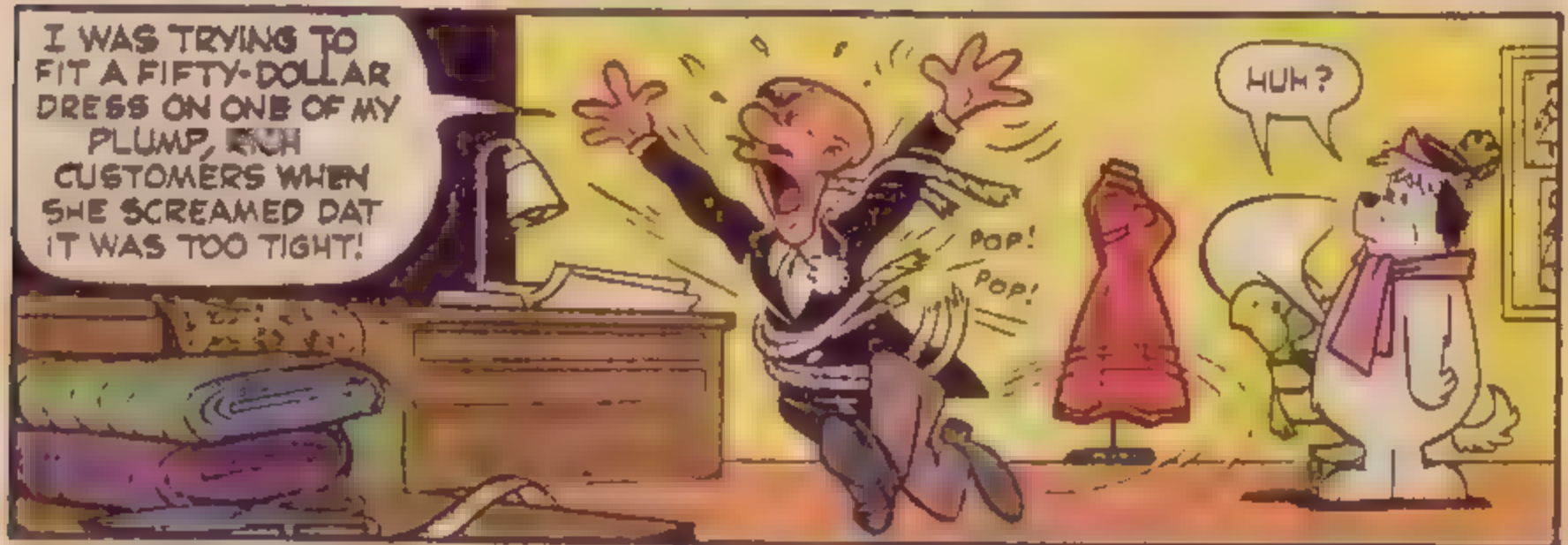
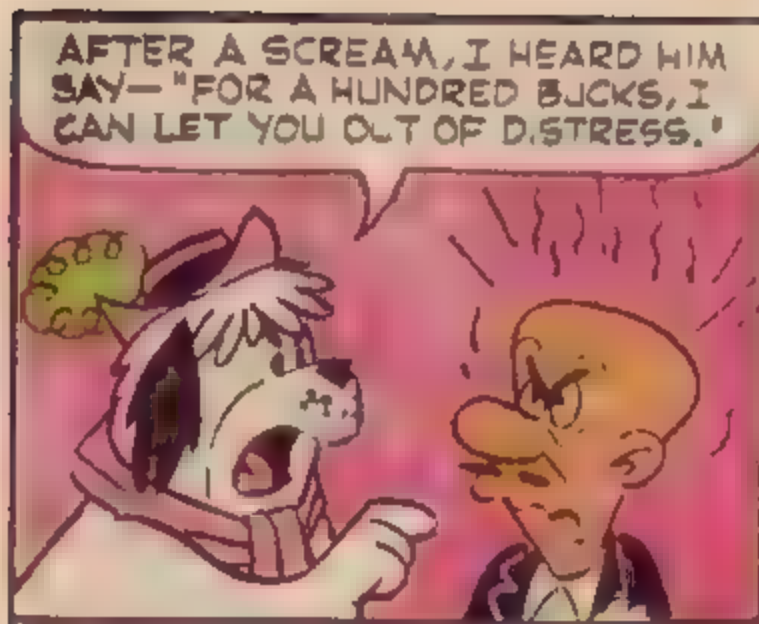
TOUCHÉ! HERE'S
THE SHOP!

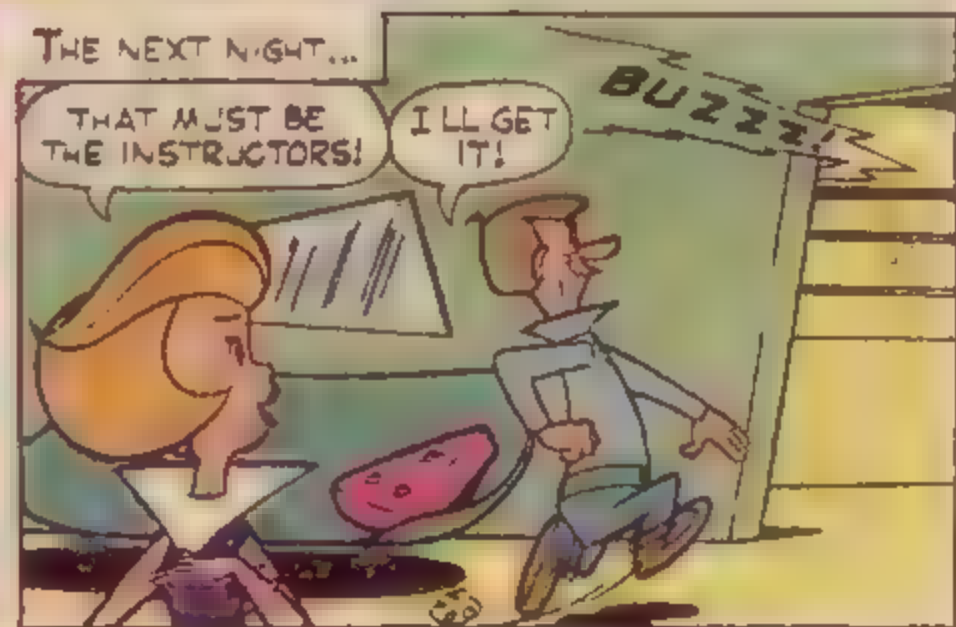
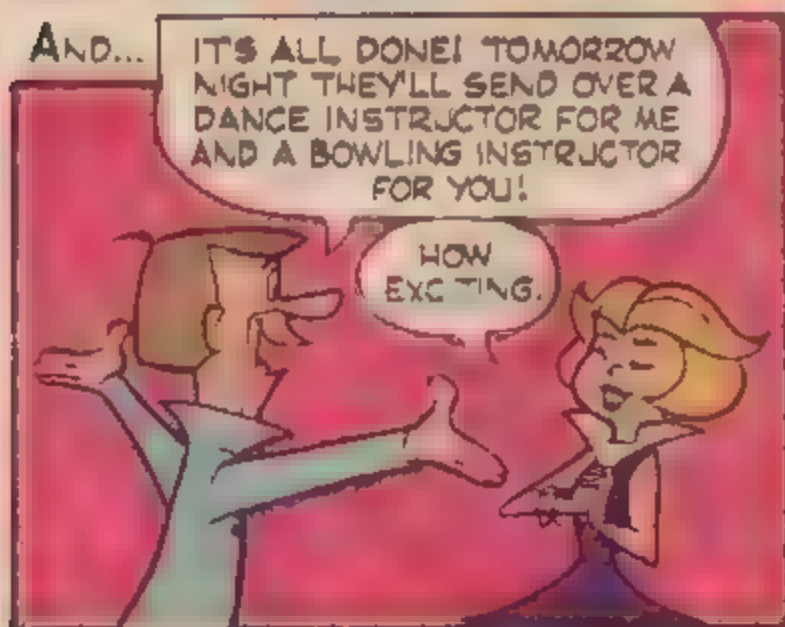
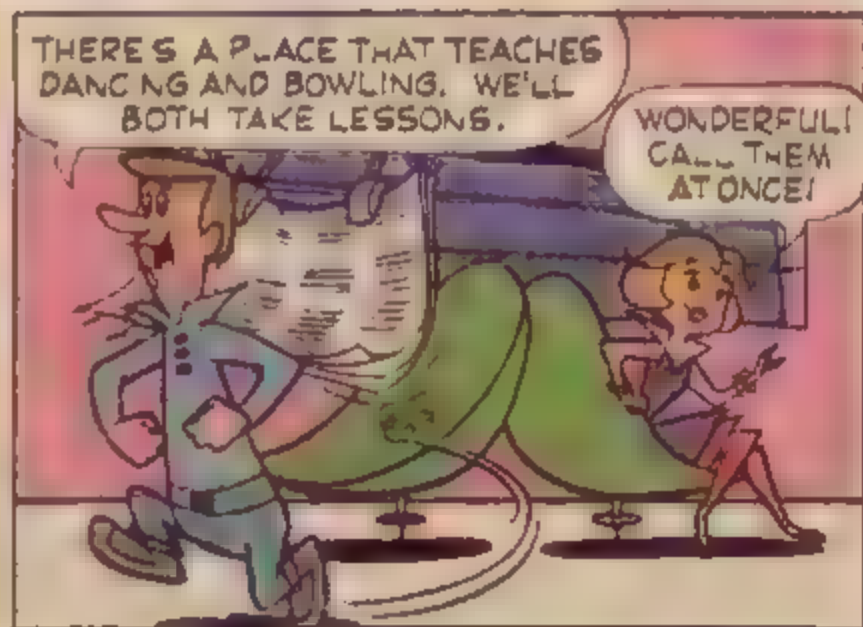
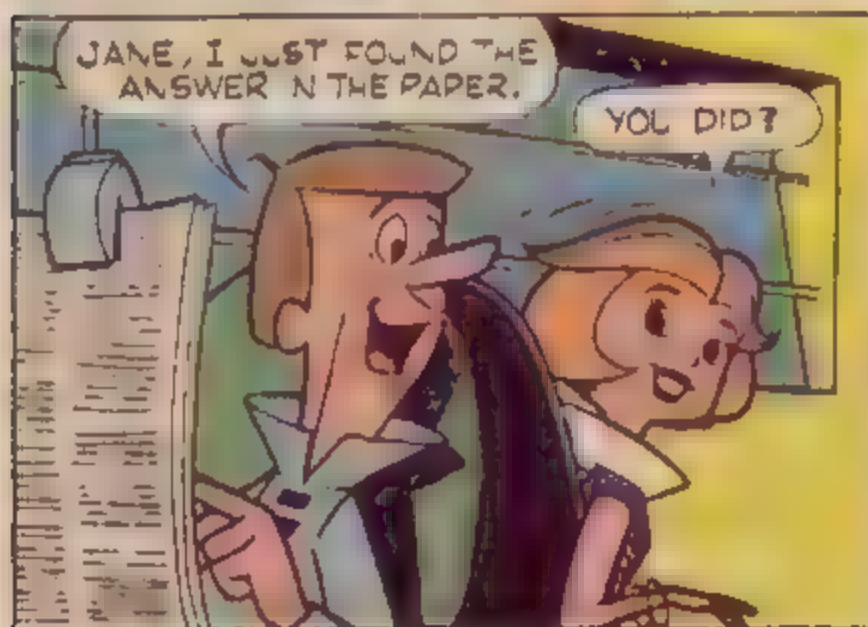
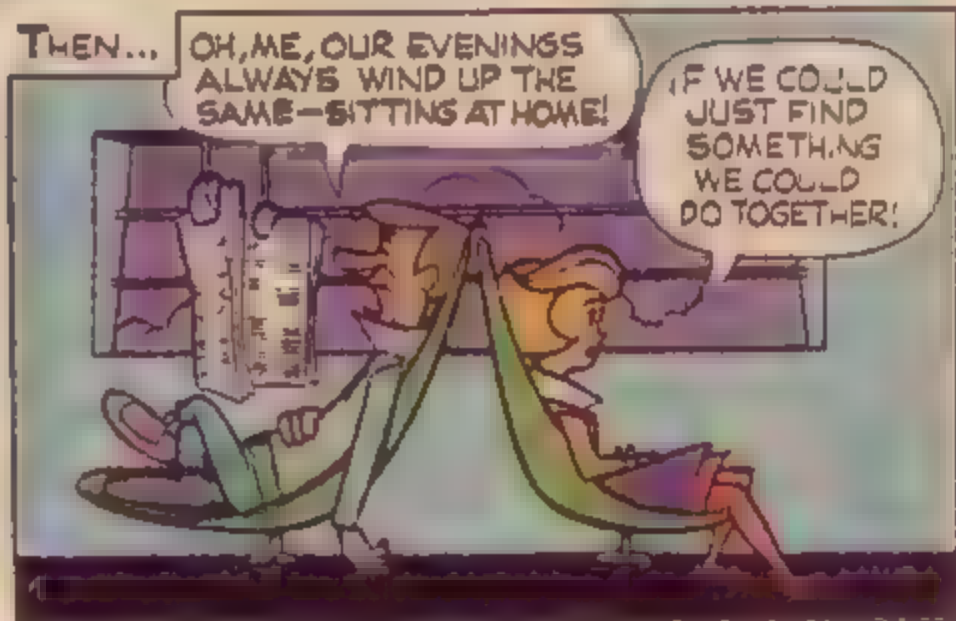
HUH?
OH!

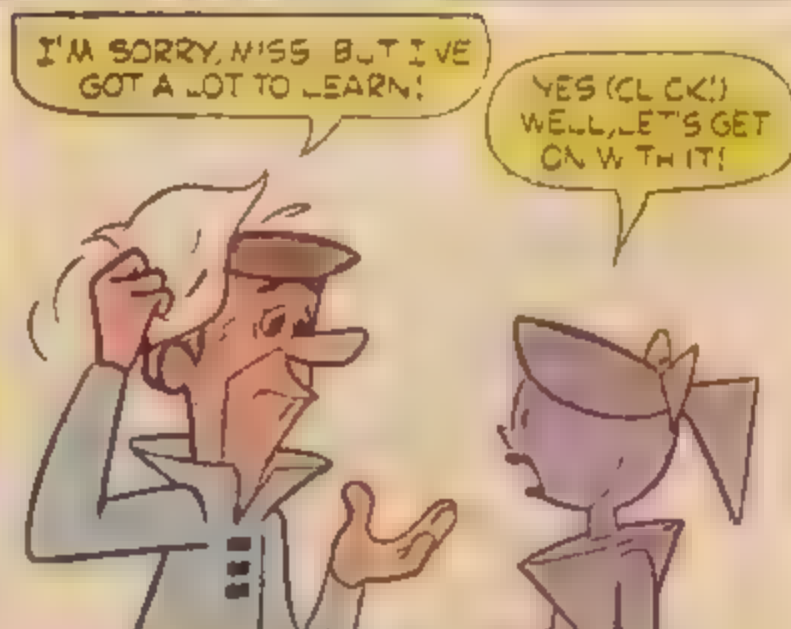
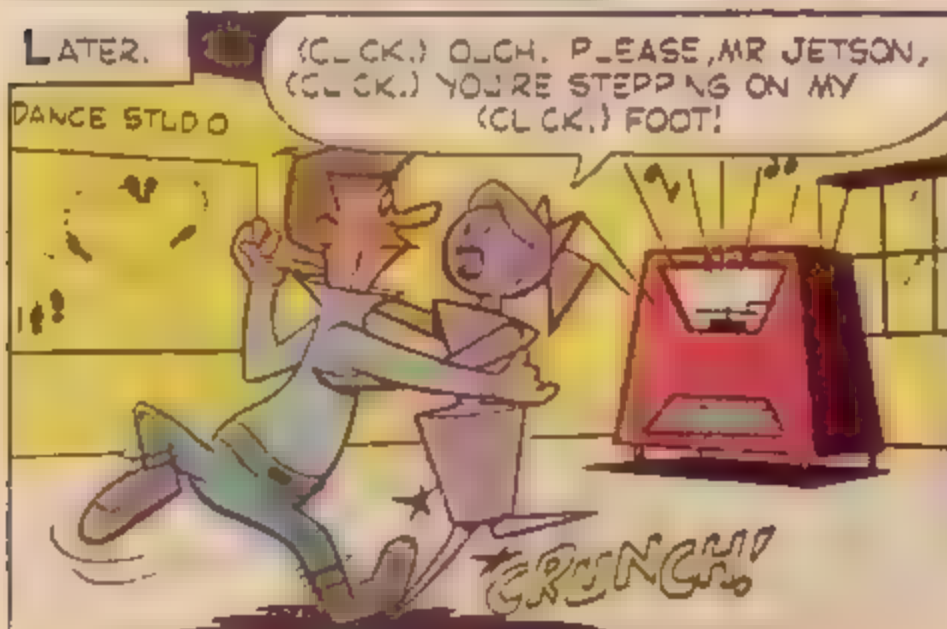
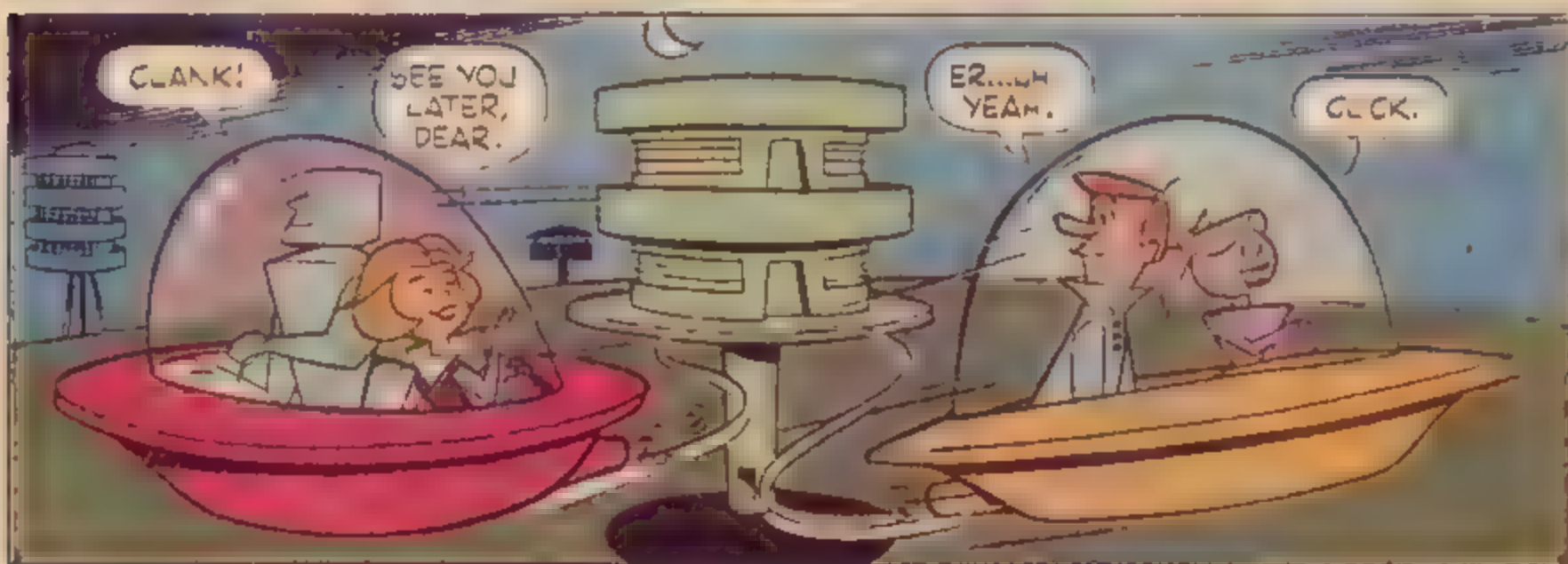
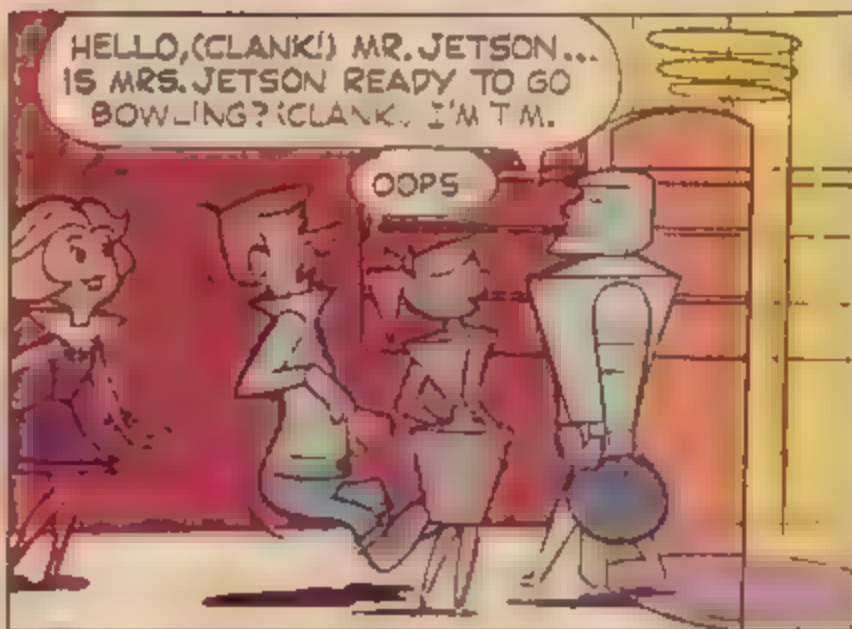
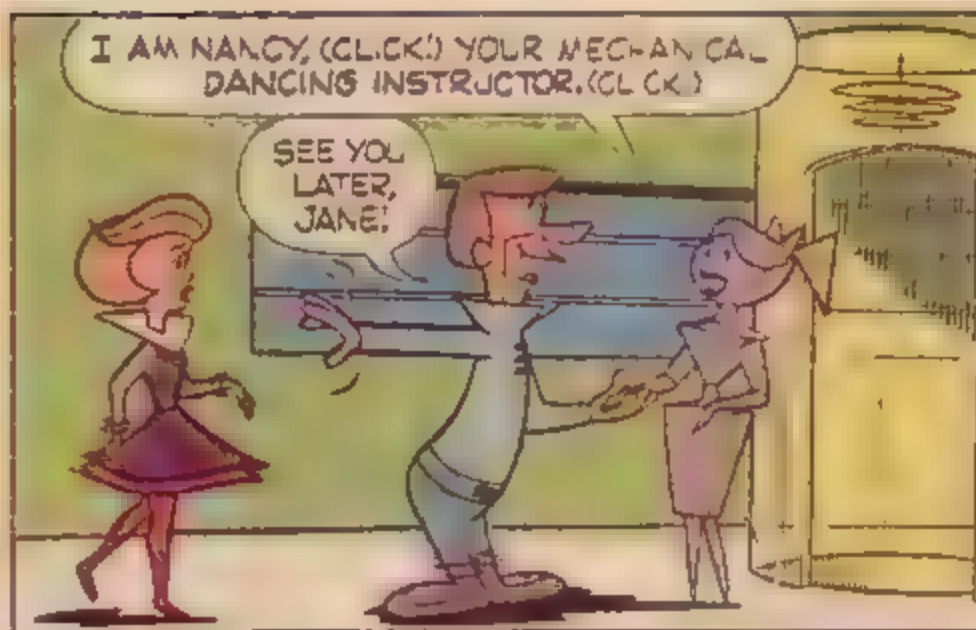
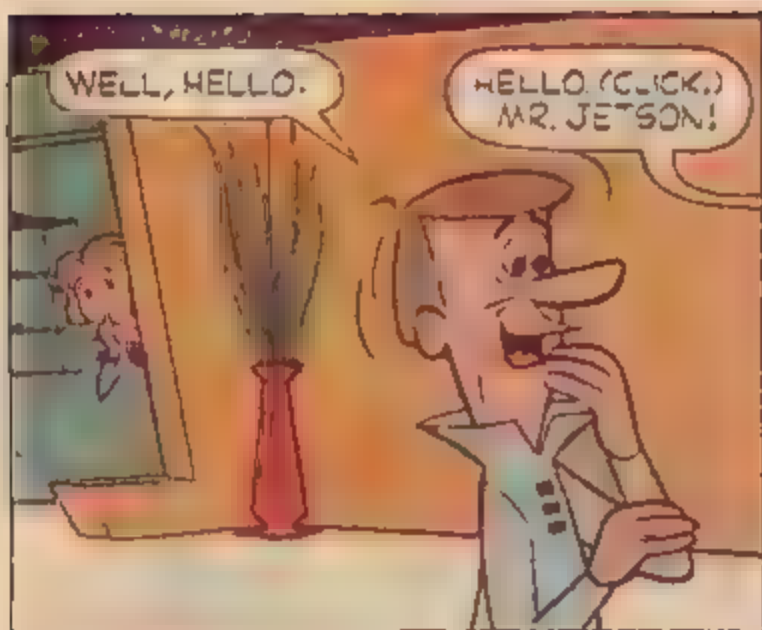




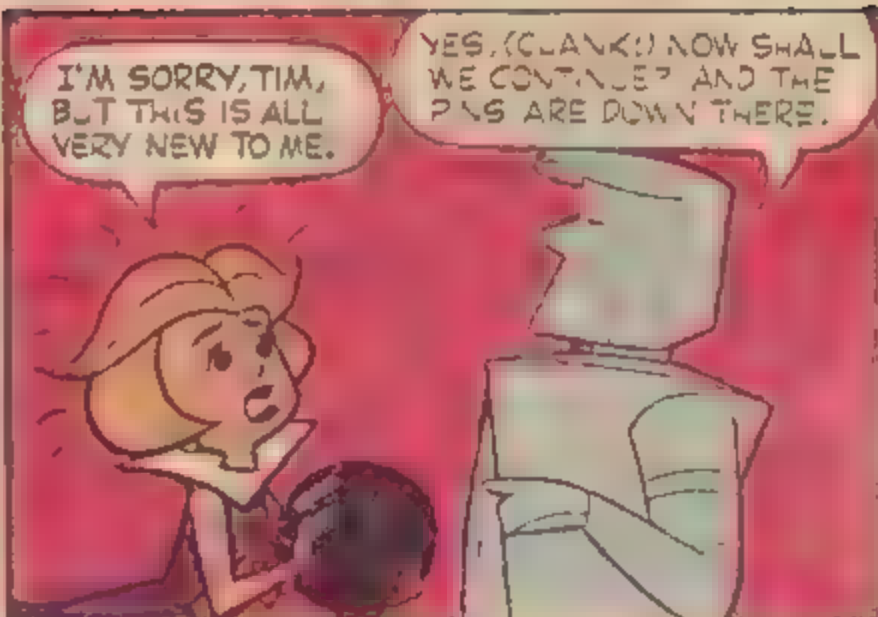
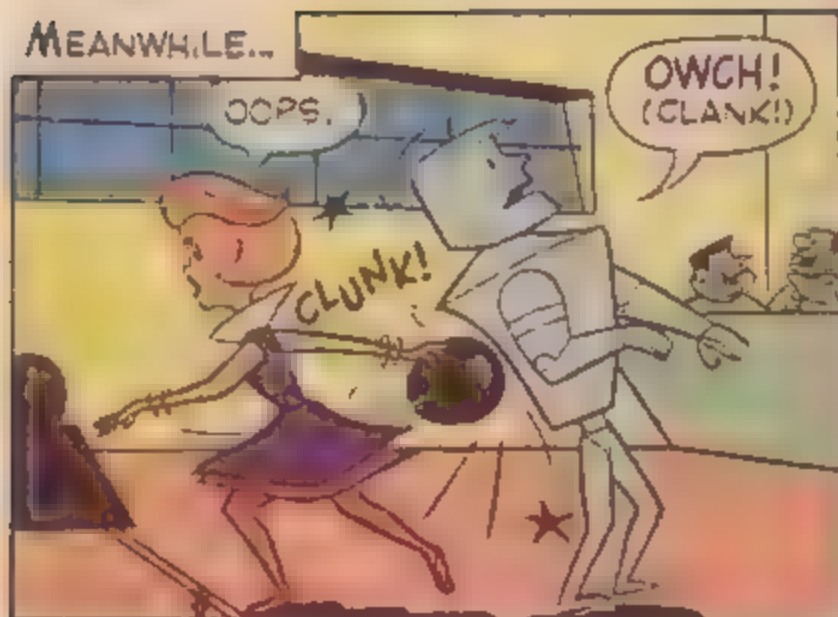




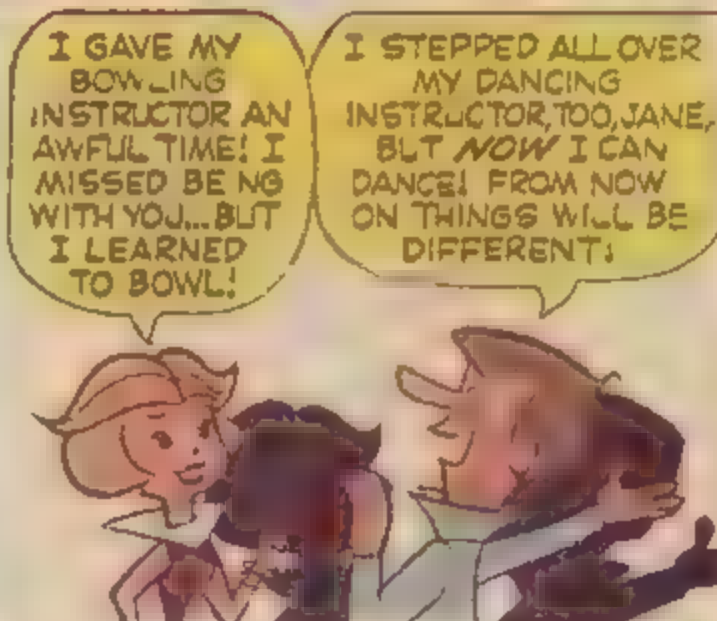
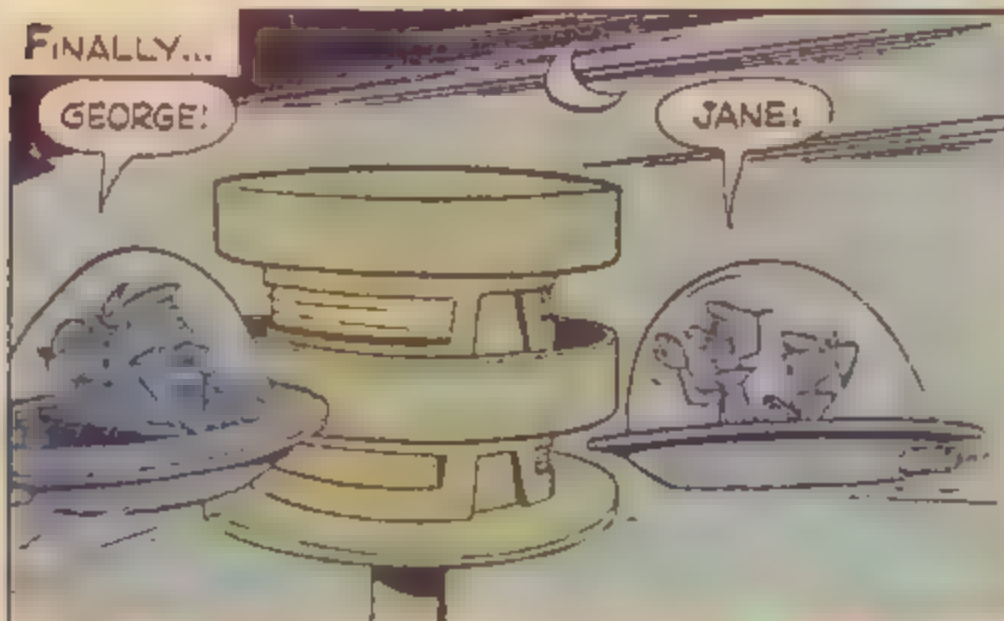




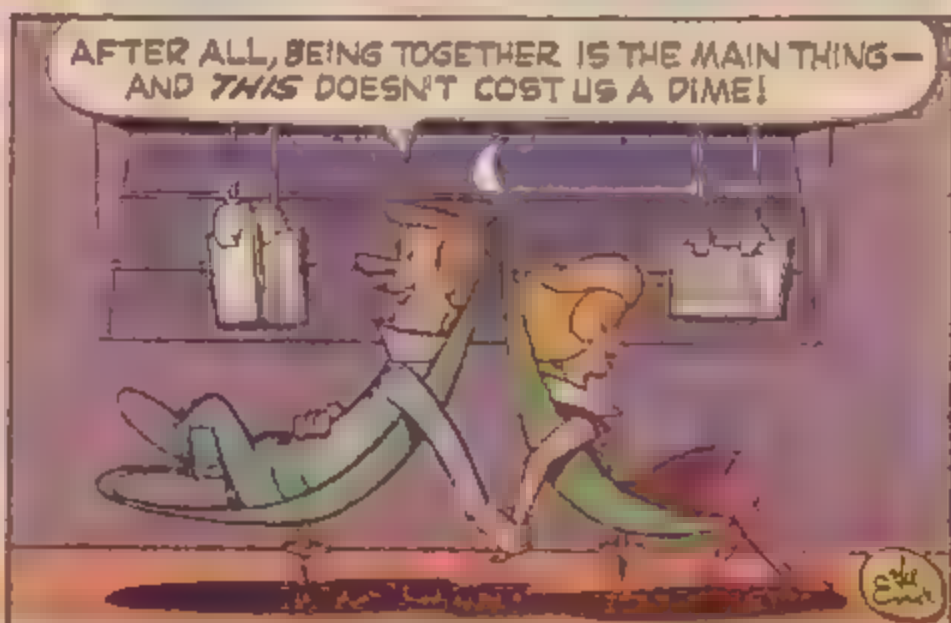
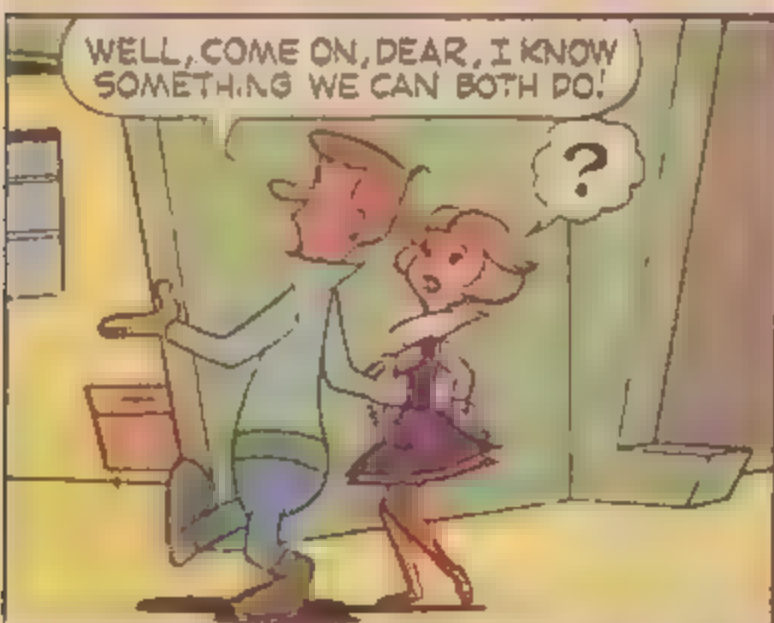
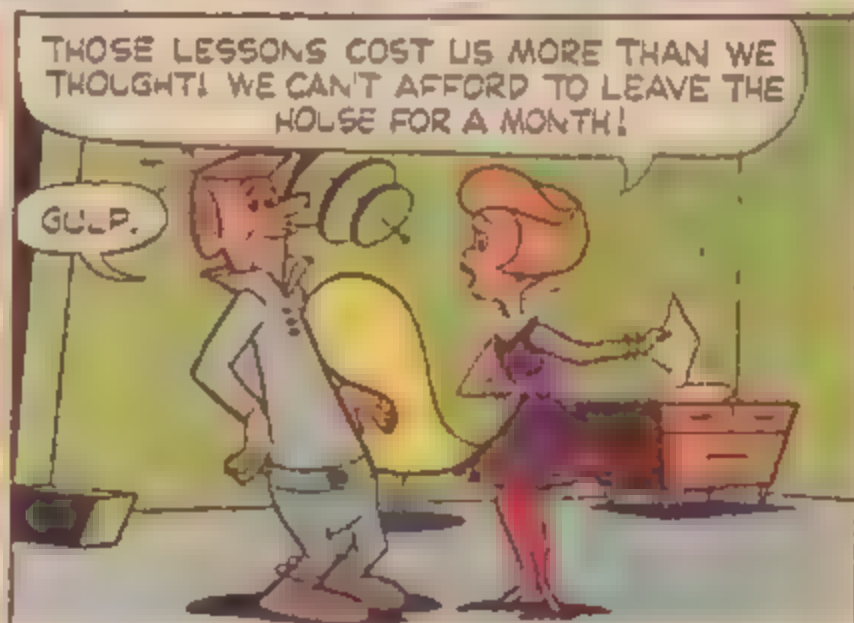
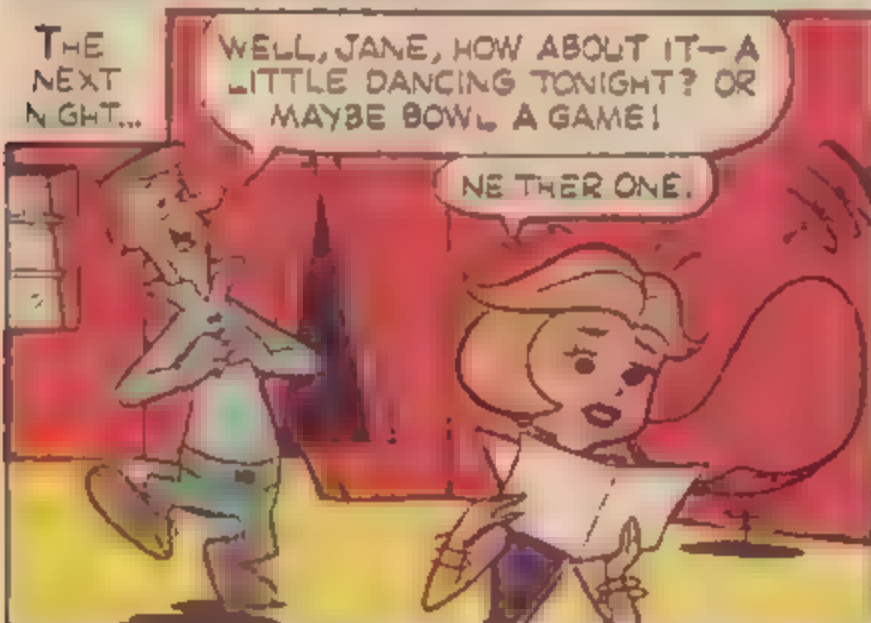
MEANWHILE...



FINALLY...

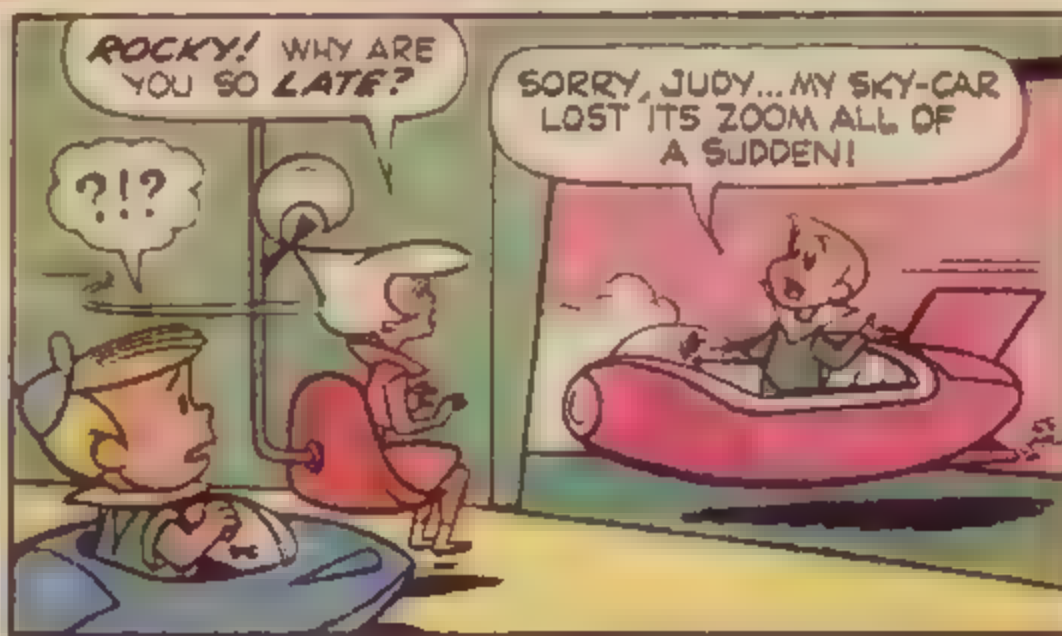
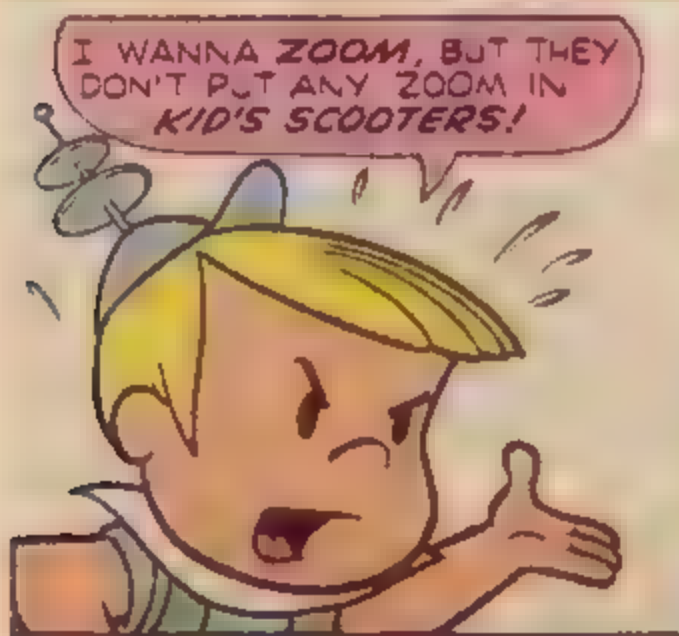
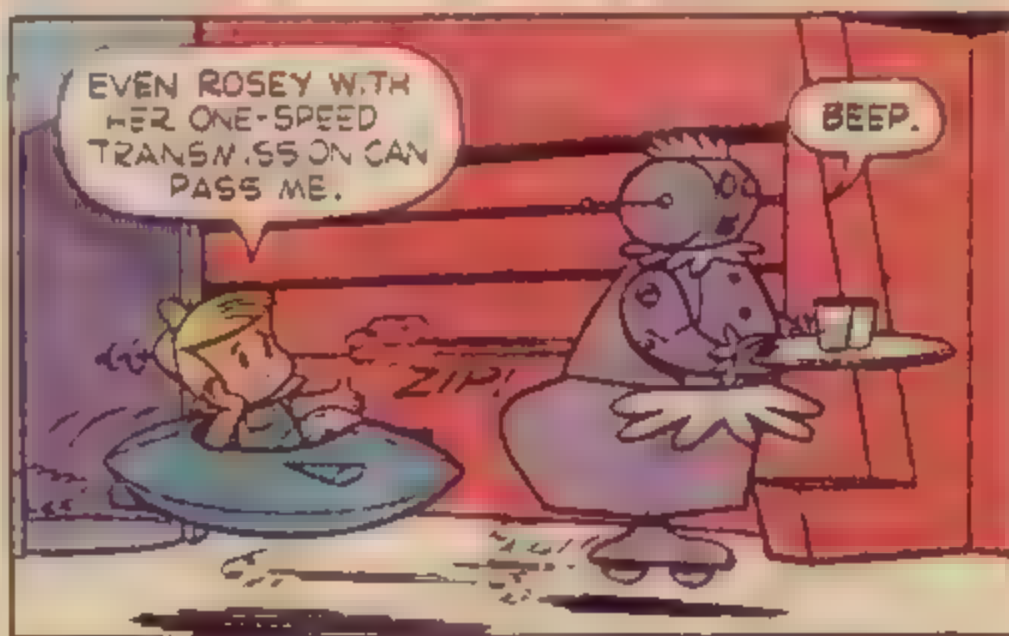
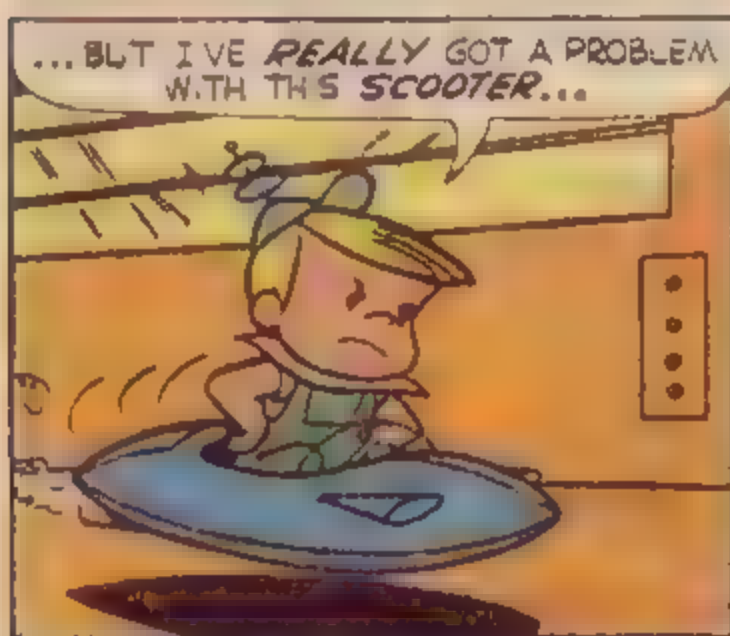
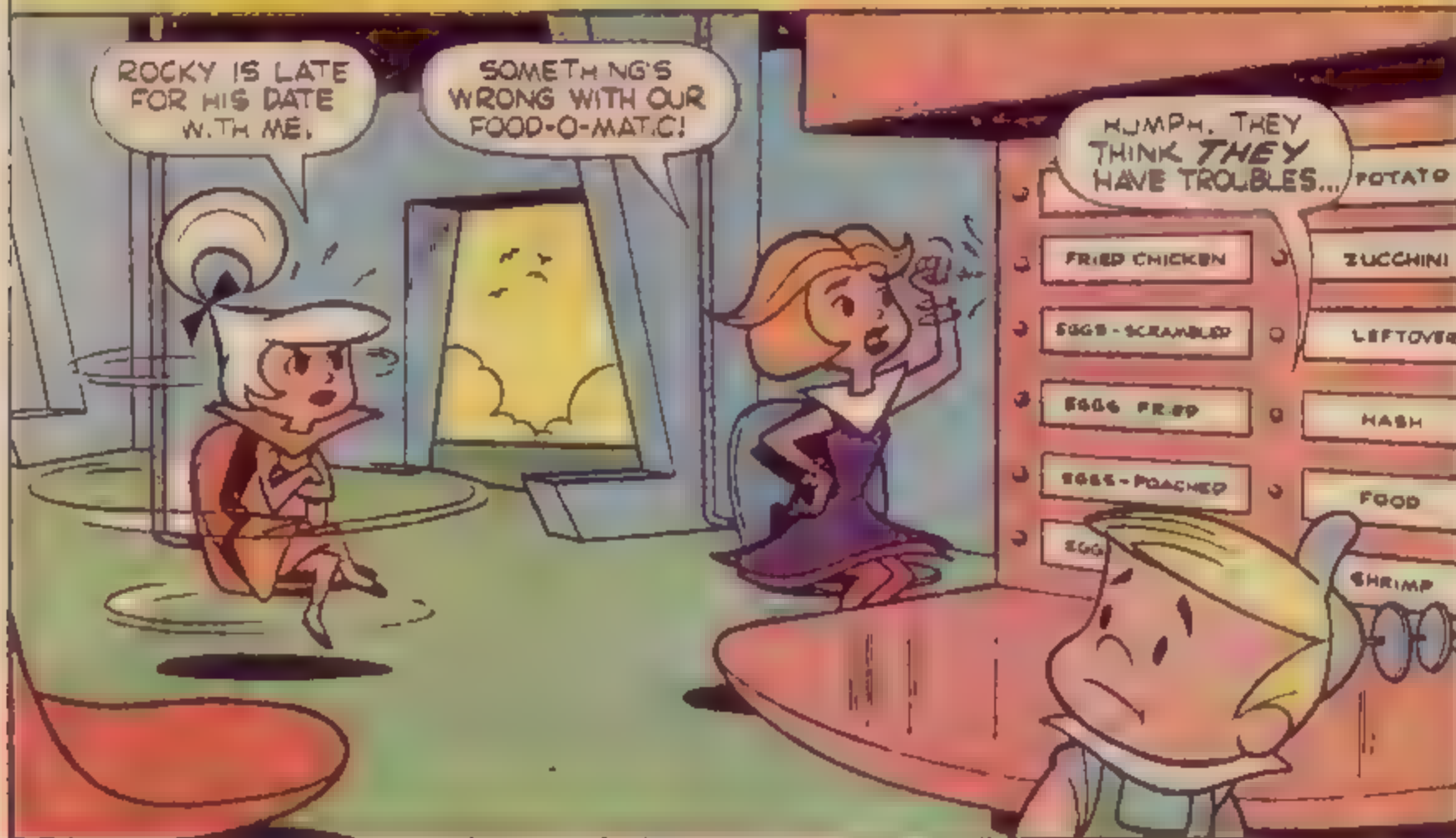


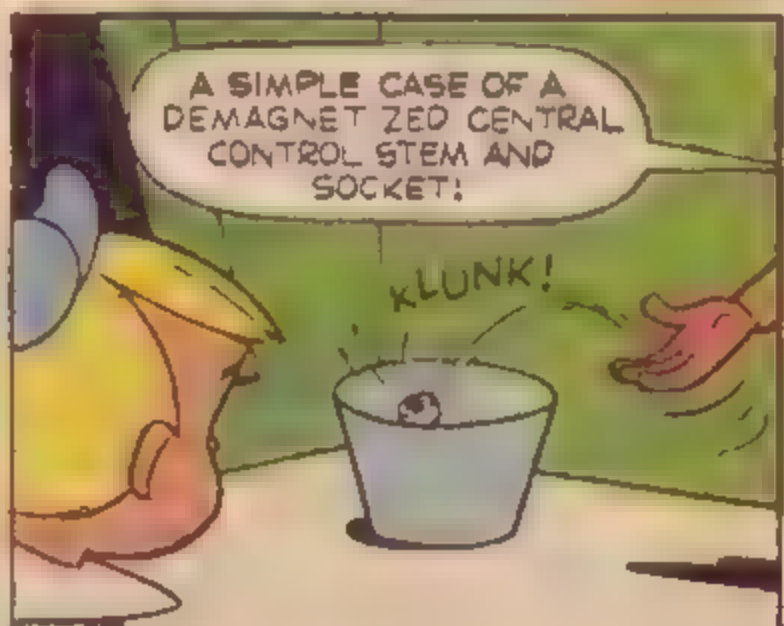
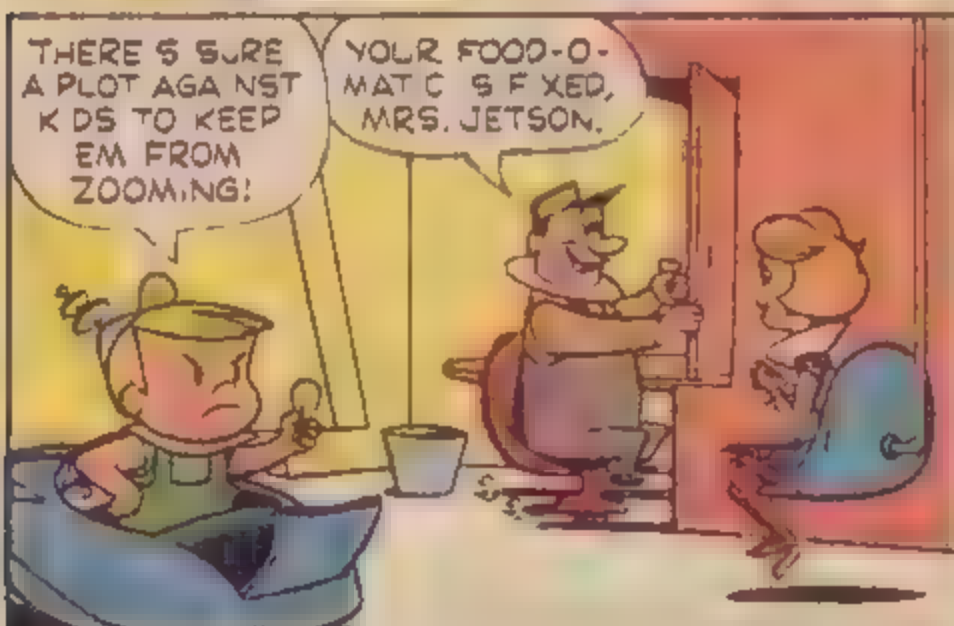
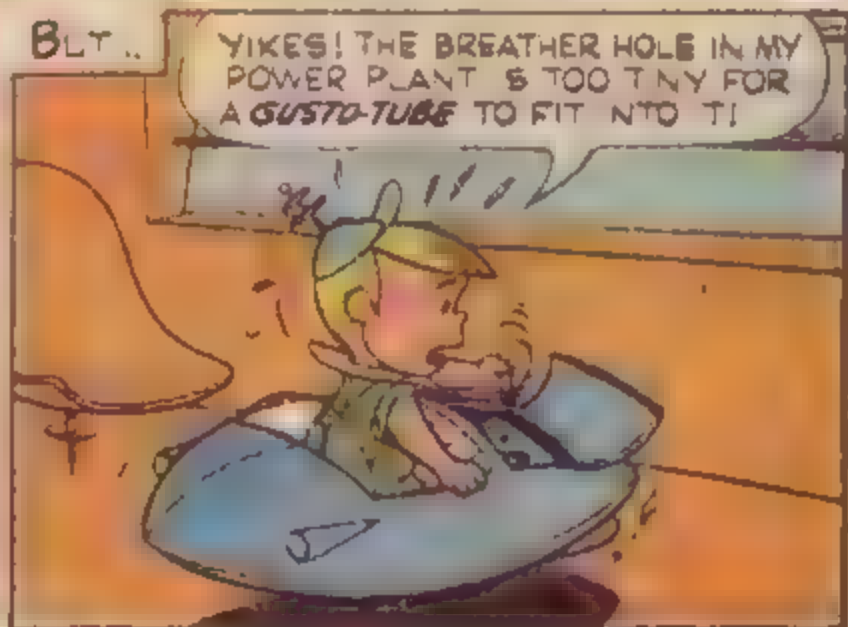
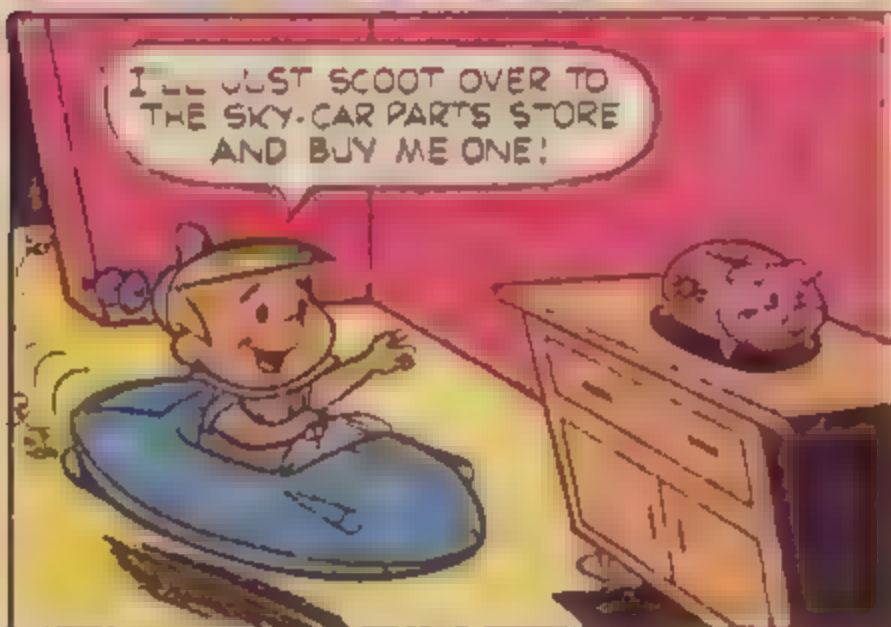
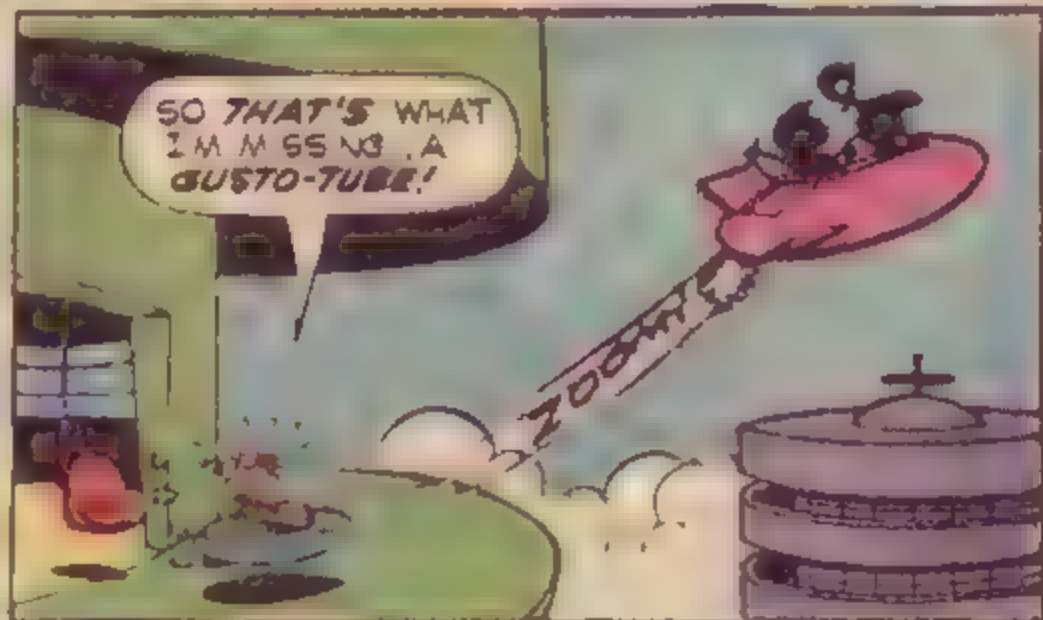
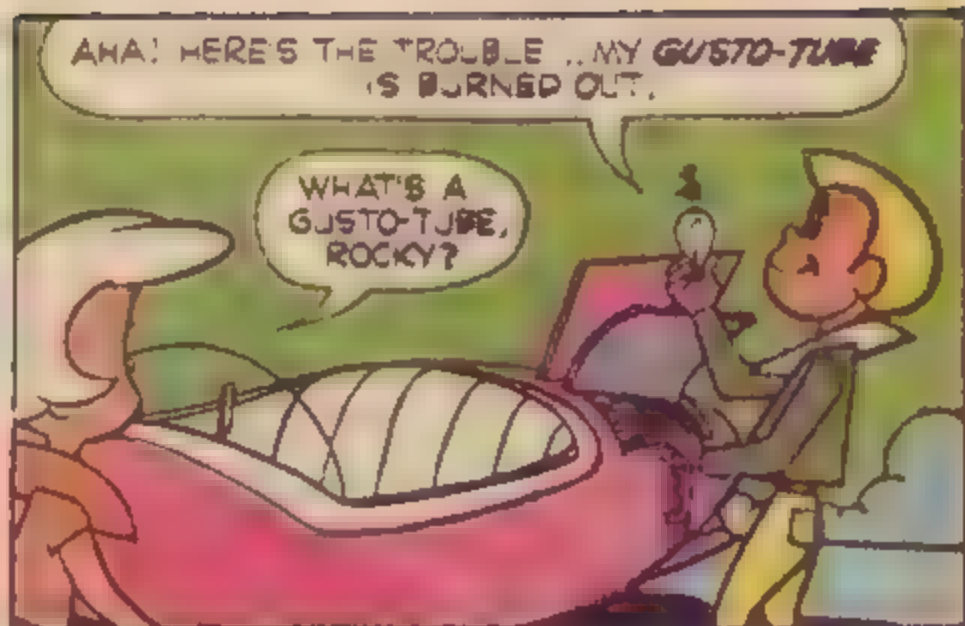
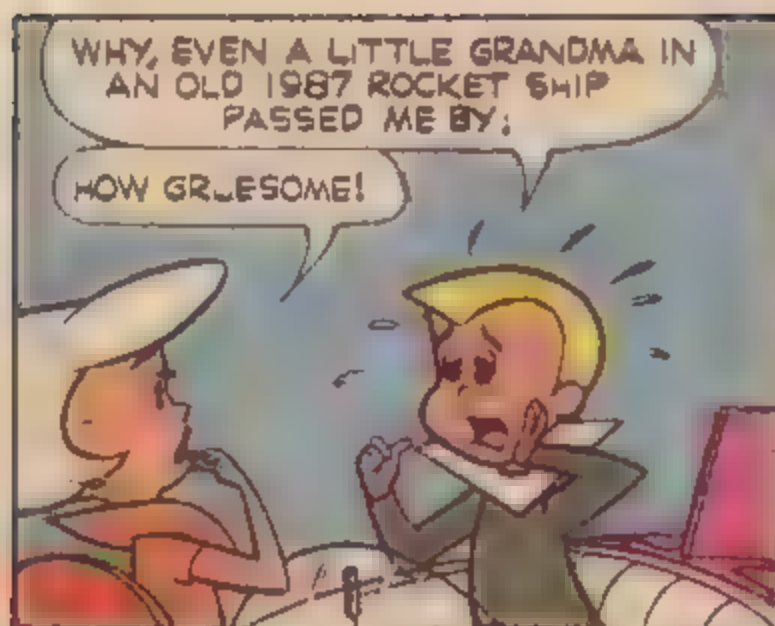
THE NEXT NIGHT...

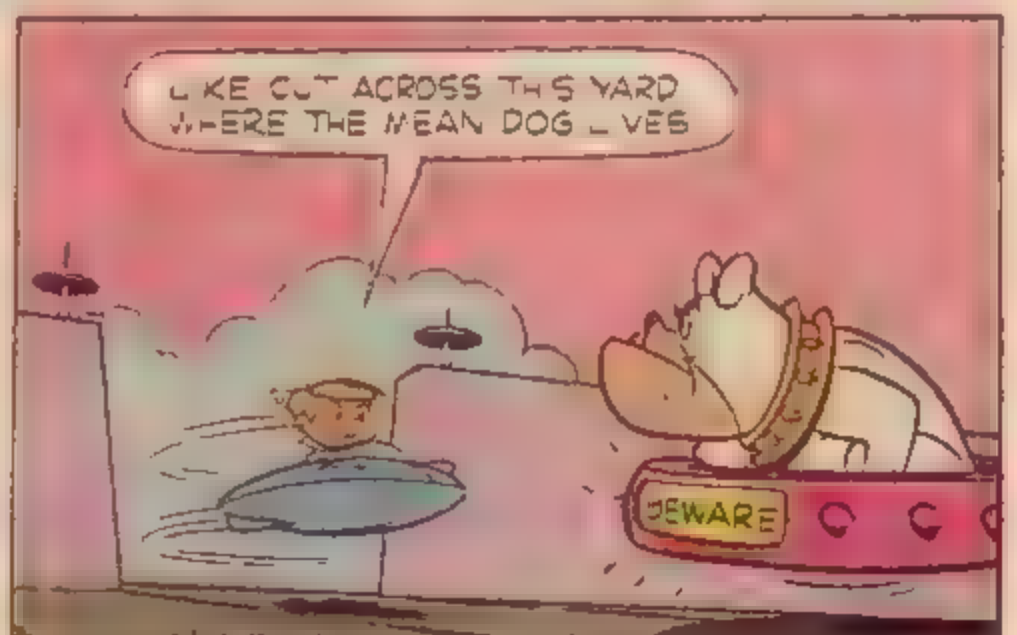
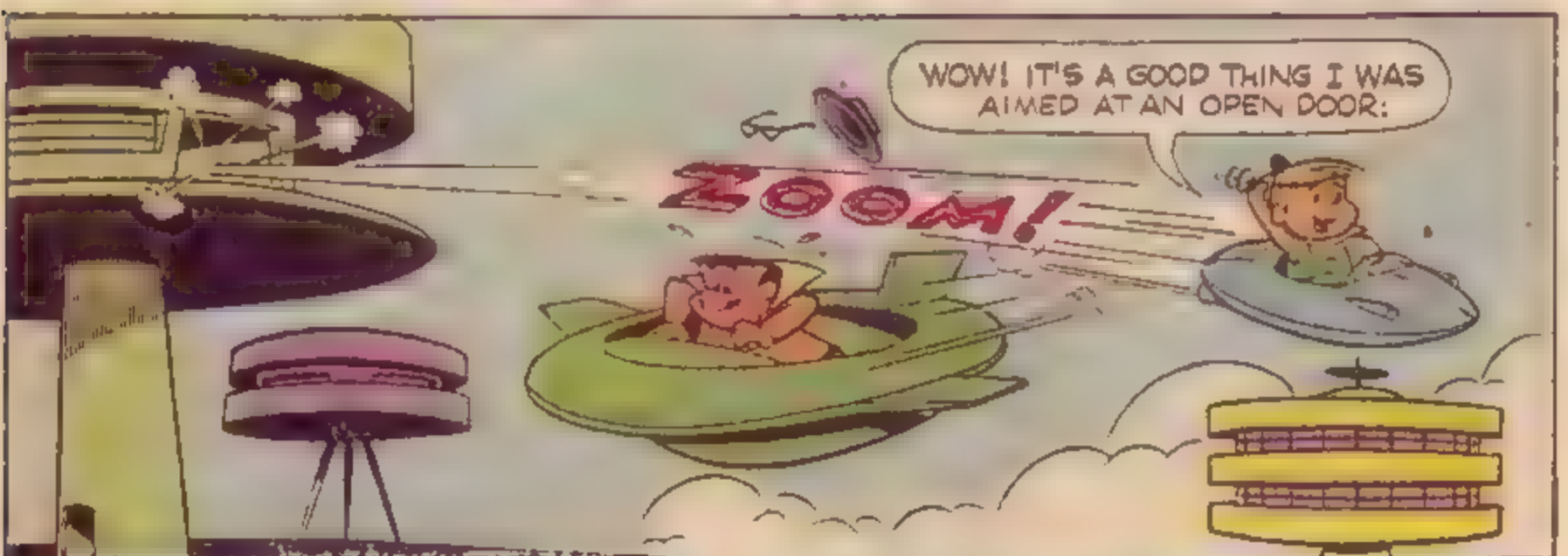
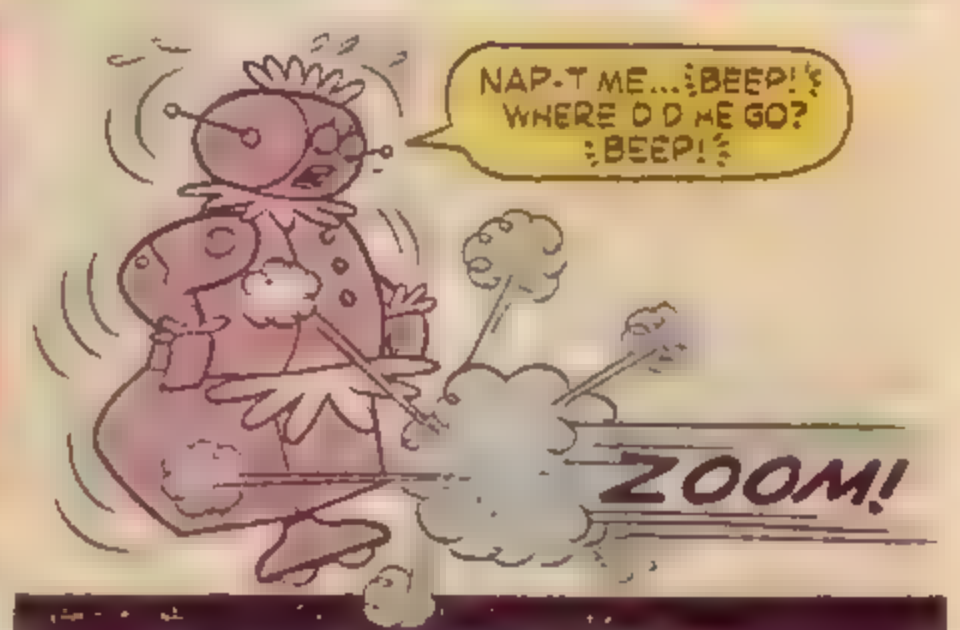
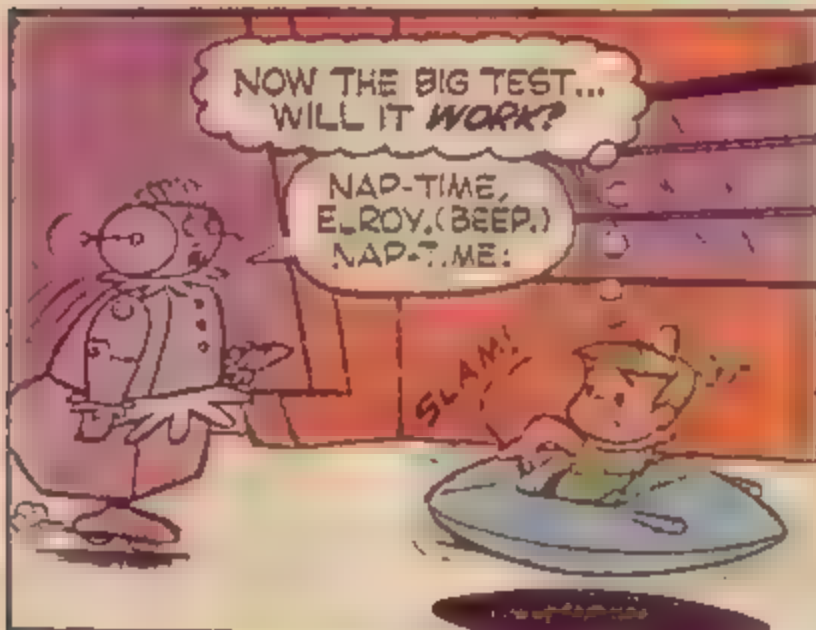
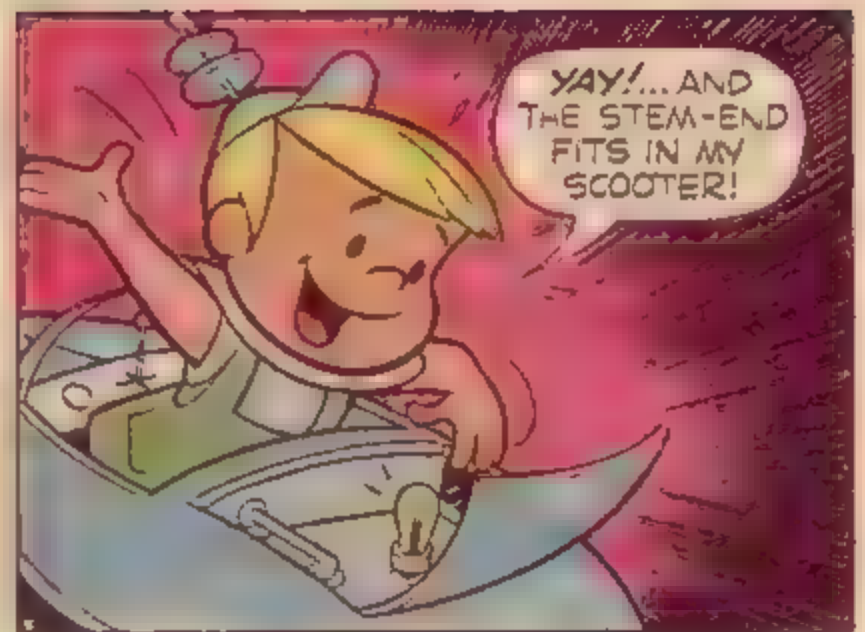


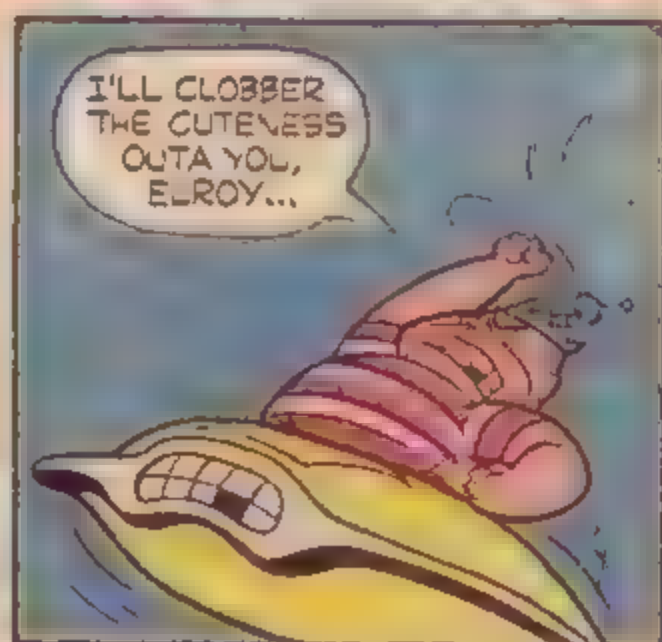
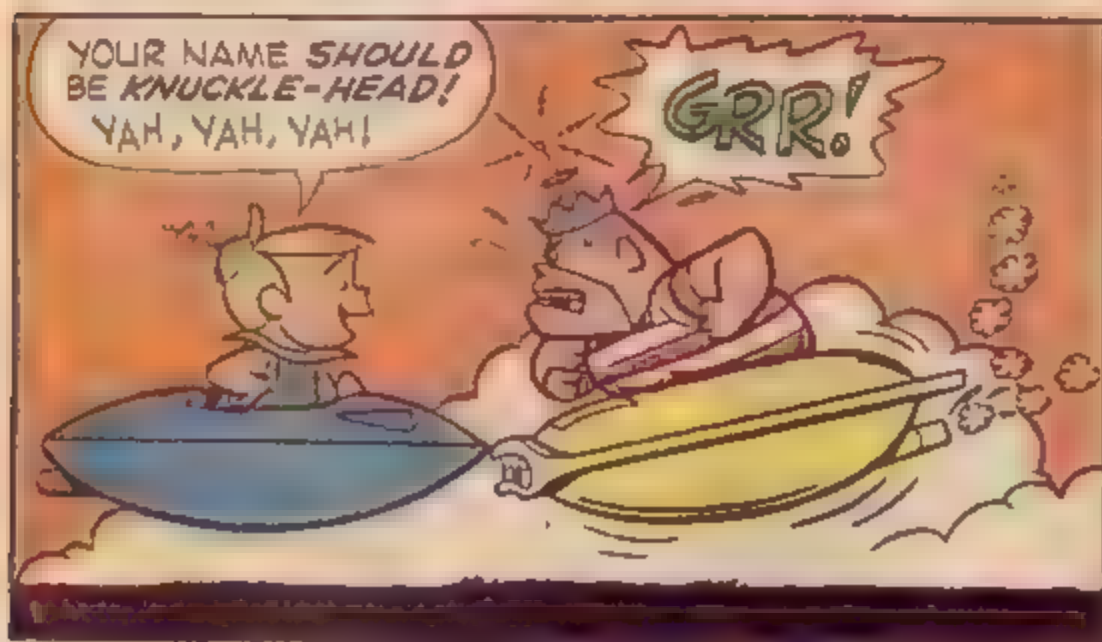
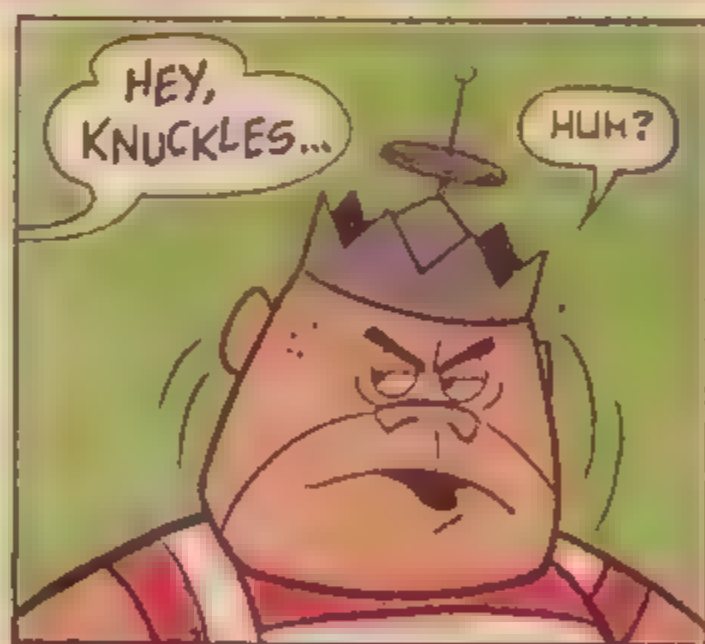
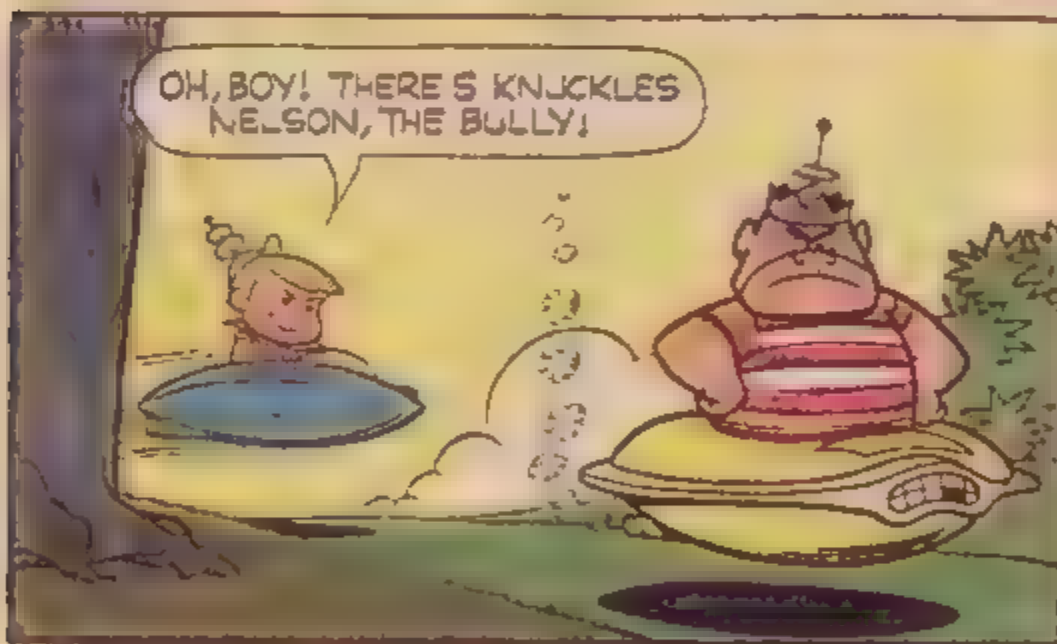
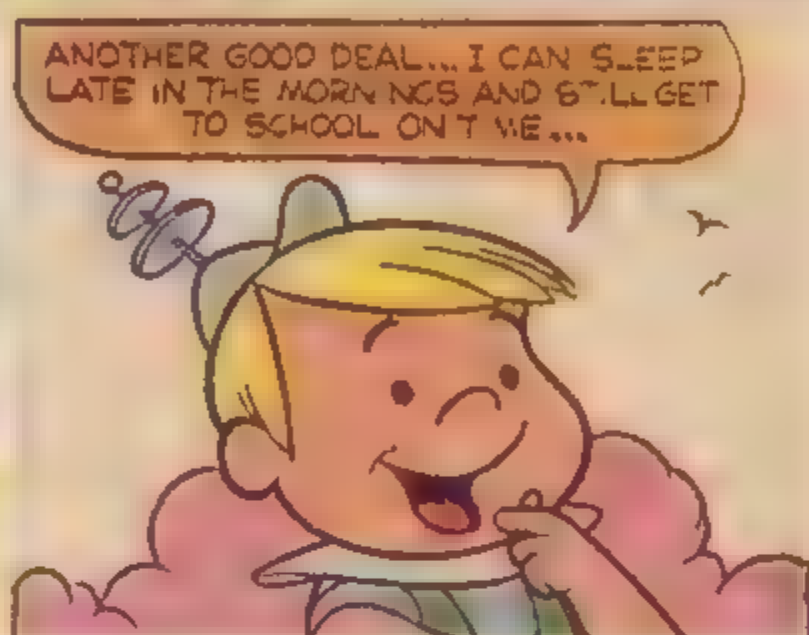
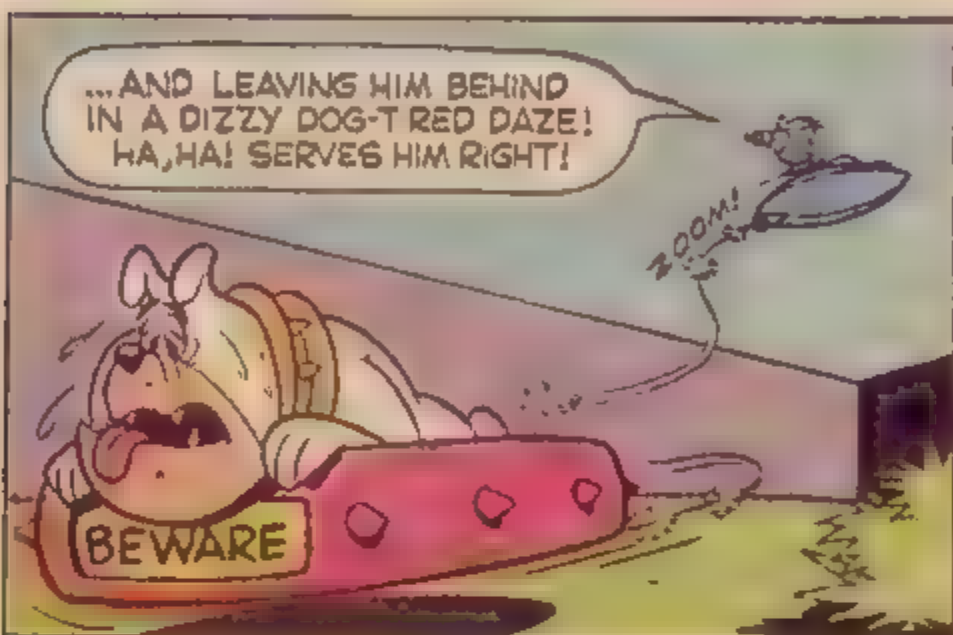
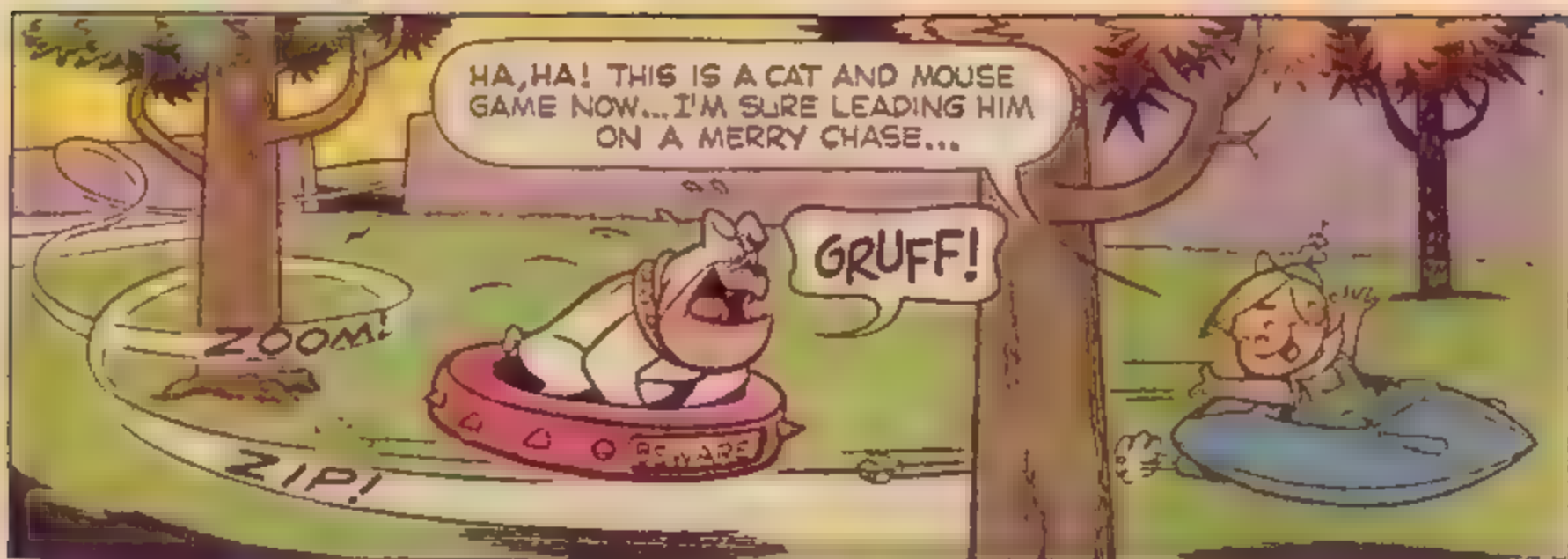
Hanna-Barbera
The **JETSONS**

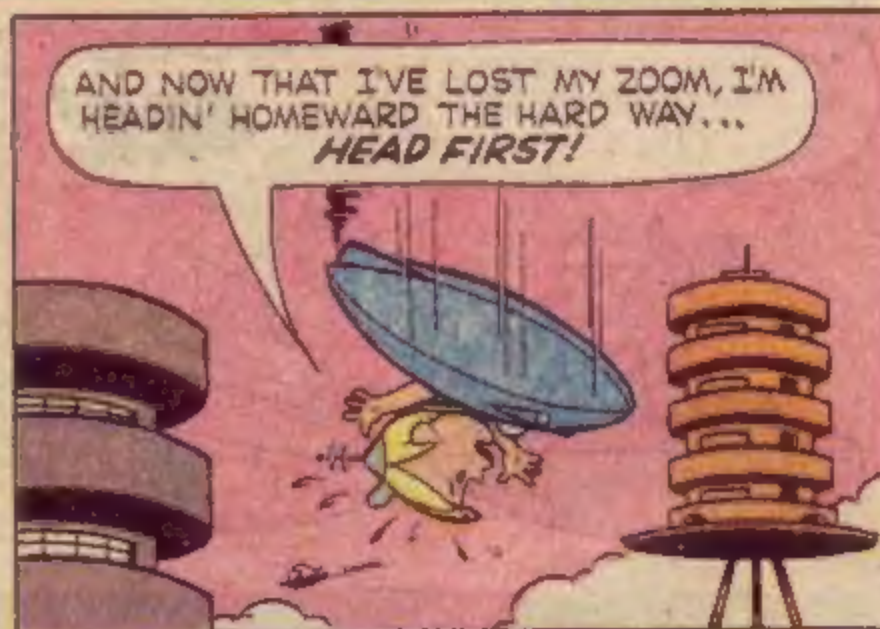
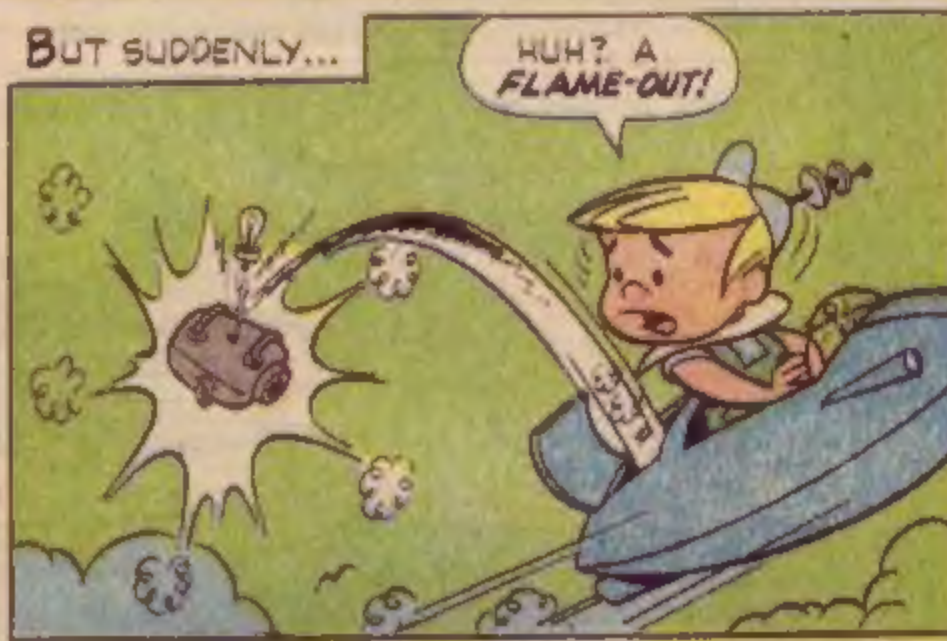
Z IS FOR ZOOM

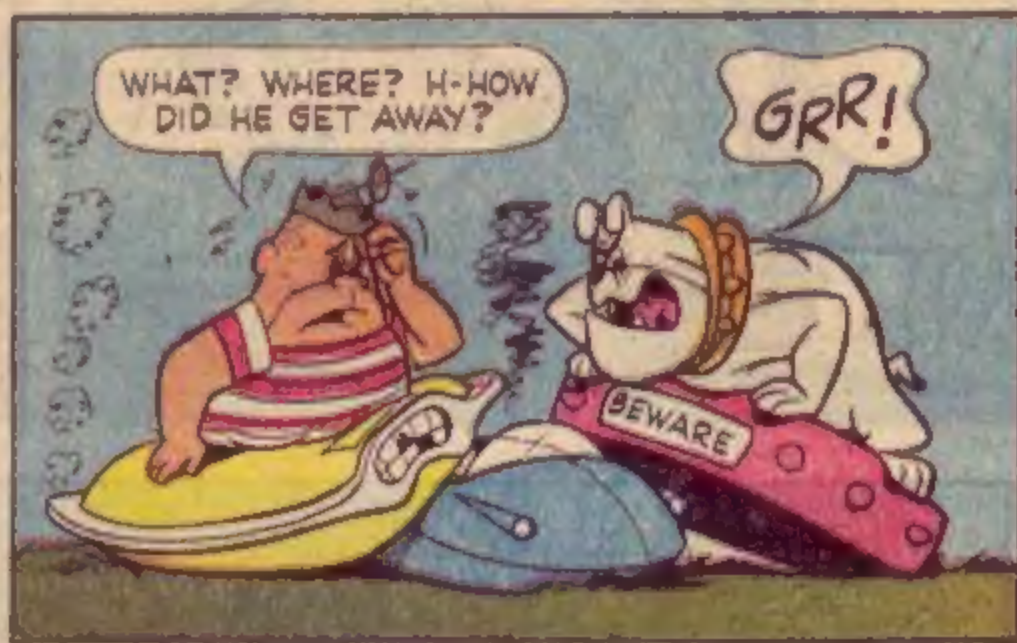
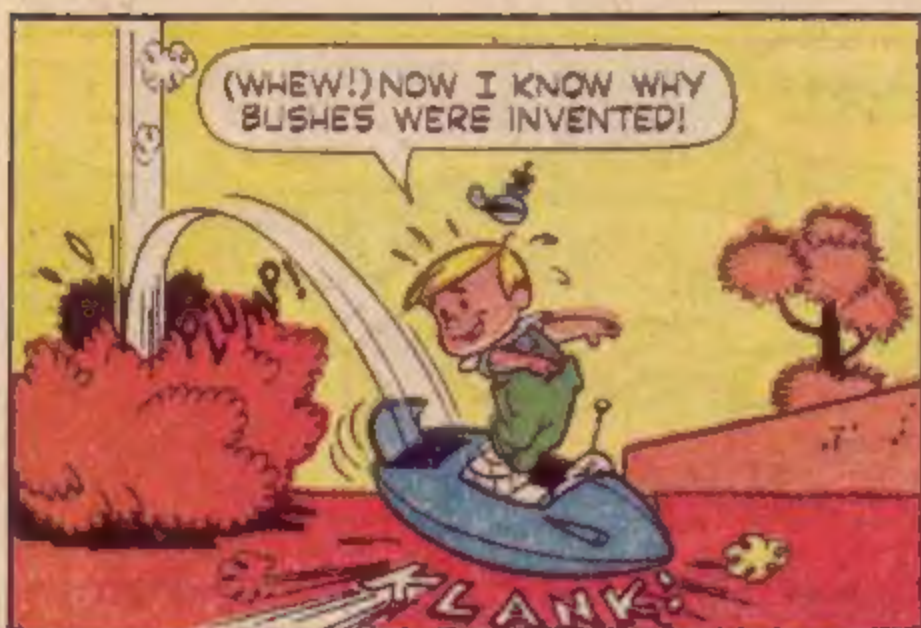




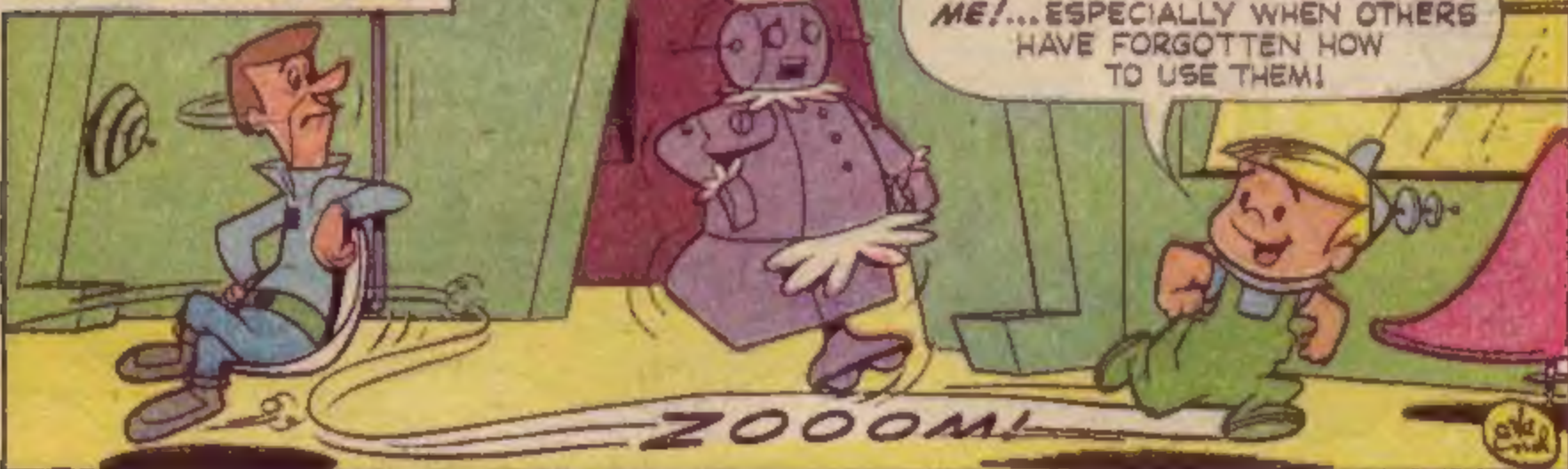


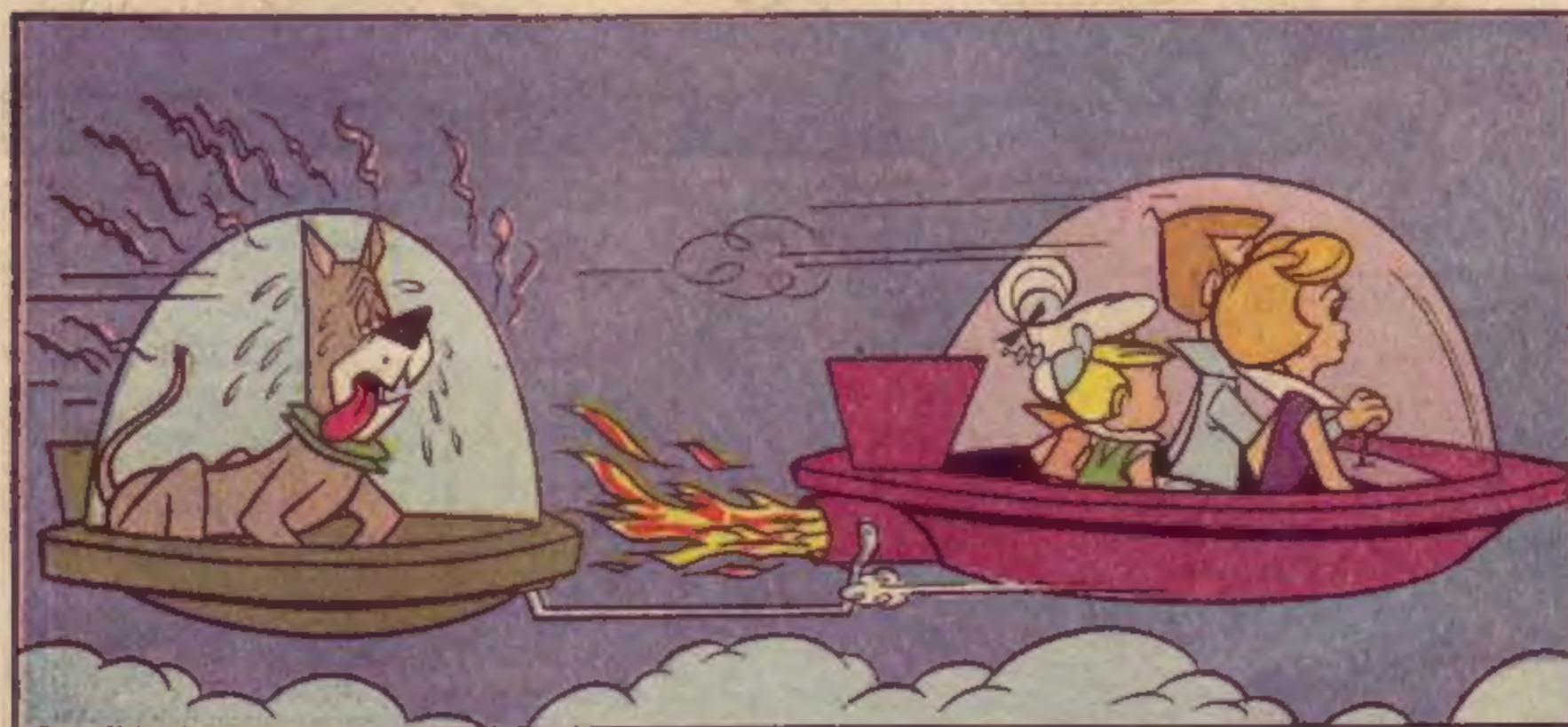
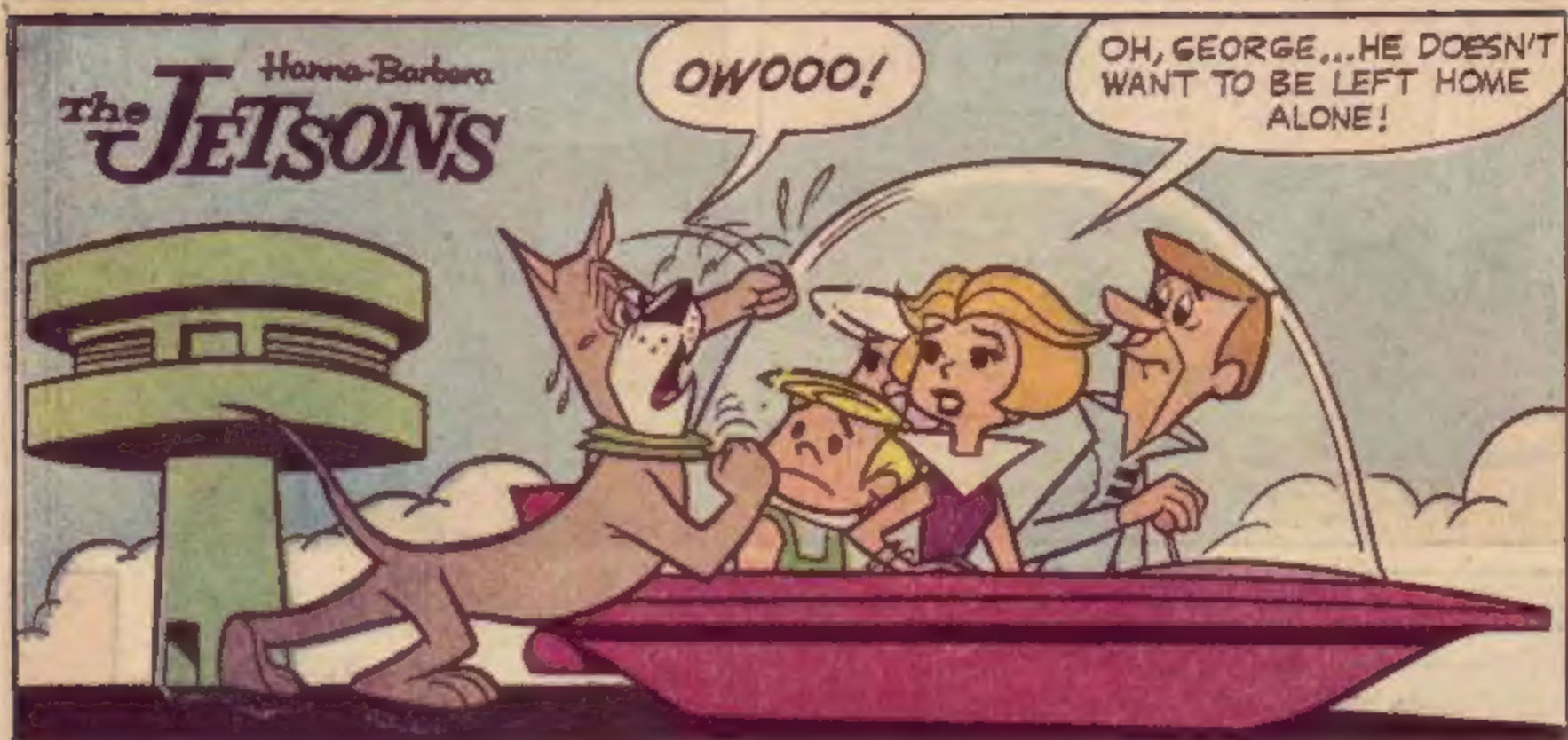






AND SO, ELROY ZOOMS HAPPILY EVER AFTER...





Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

ROSEY, DON'T FORGET
THE COOKIES!

ROSEY...PLEASE
HURRY WITH THE
TEA!



WHERE ARE THE SANDWICHES?

WE WANT COFFEE TOO!

